

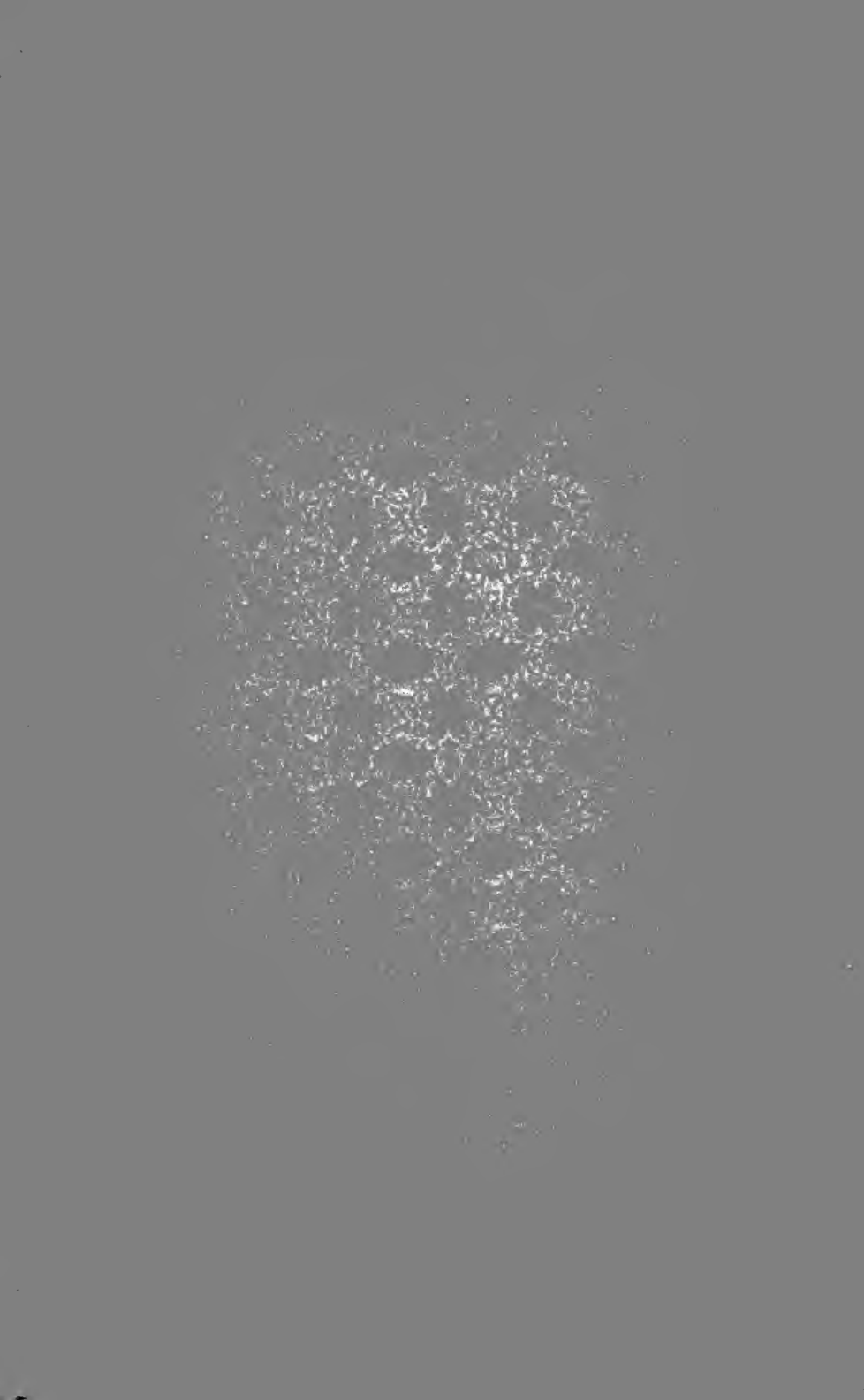
Poets and Poetry
of Nebraska

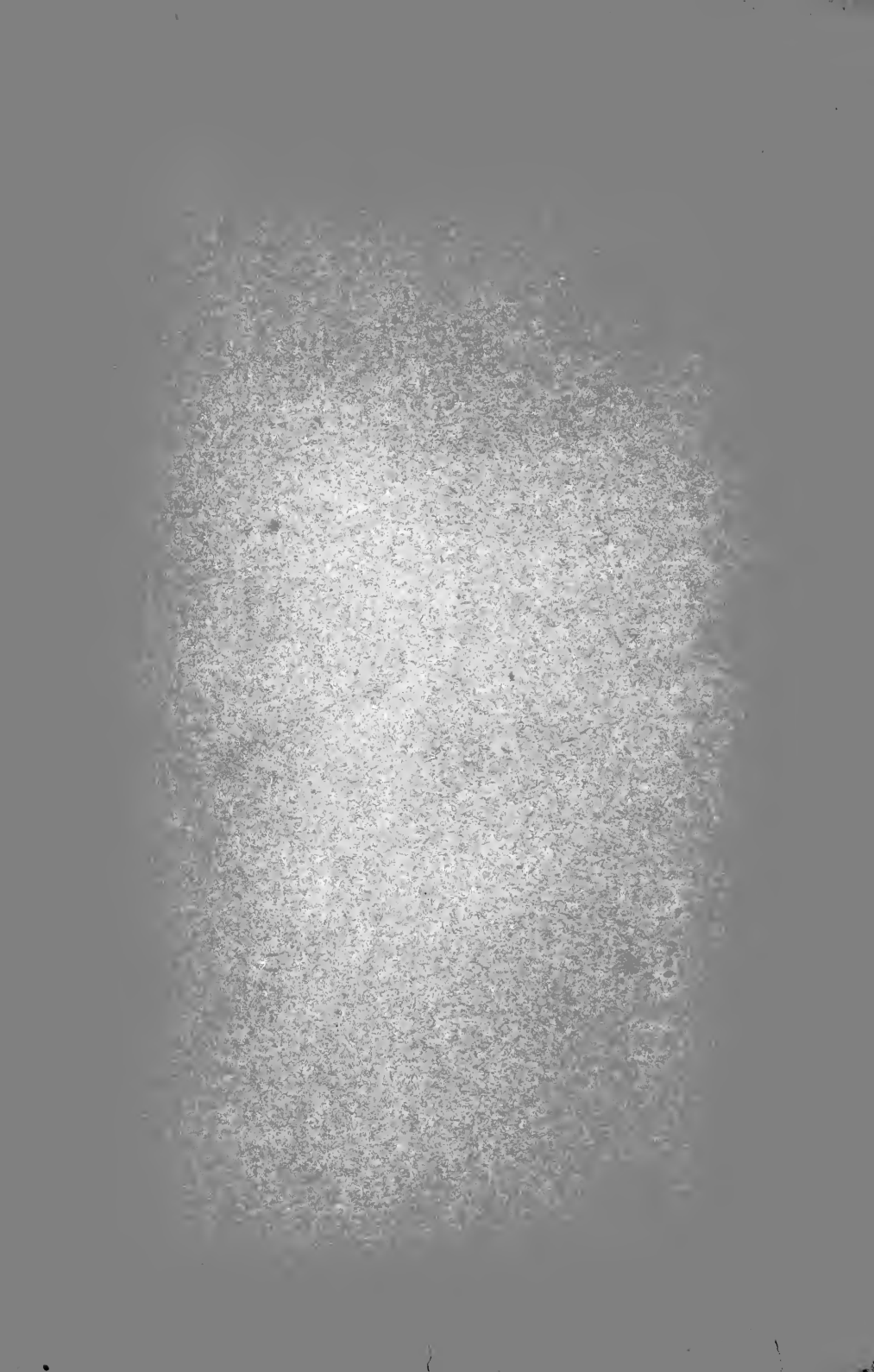




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POETS AND POETRY OF NEBRASKA

CONTAINS BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND CHOICE POETICAL
SELECTIONS FROM THE LEADING
POETS NOW LIVING

"SWEET ARE THE PLEASURES THAT TO VERSE BELONG,
AND DOUBLY SWEET A BROTHERHOOD IN SONG."—KEATS.

CHICAGO:
AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION,
1902.

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POETRY OF NEBRASKA.

INDEX.

Baily, S. G., Blue Springs.....	189
Bancroft, Mrs. Florence Mai, Lexington.....	62
Becker, Cynthia Ann, Burwell.....	118
Beers, Dr. A. R., Crawford.....	86
Berry, Rev. Henry A., Curtis.....	122
Blackman, E. E., Raymond.....	104
Boone, J. C., Plattsmouth.....	44
Bottom, Norphie Ernest, Deshler.....	57
Brain, Edward B., Bassett.....	83
Brooks, Mrs. Lovern P., Lincoln.....	146
Brown, Mrs. Odessa F., Fairbury.....	96
Bryant, Francis A., Norfolk.....	159
Burgess, Mrs. Grace S., Harrisburg.....	101
Bryant, Isaiah W., Ashland.....	191
Button, W. F., Hastings.....	126
Byrum, A. H., Hastings.....	165
Cassell, Mrs. Flora Hamilton, Hastings.....	38
Chase, Aaron W., Cozad.....	117
Cook, Bessie E., St. James.....	186
Coppock, Rinda E., Chambers.....	155
Crane, William H., Steele City.....	135
Culbertson, Mrs. Lydia, Lincoln.....	65
Cunningham, Paul, Osceola.....	33
Darlington, W. M., Long Pine.....	179
Davis, Victoria Elizabeth, Hartington.....	110
Dearing, Clara Jane, Roseland.....	151
Dunning, Kate W., Dunning.....	142
Dunroy, W. Reed, South Omaha.....	52
Emry, Bessie, Loup City.....	158
Erlach, Lawrence, Jackson.....	87
Essex, Mrs. Elizabeth, Rushville.....	112
Evans, Annie B., Roseland.....	167
Everett, Ruth Evelyn, Lyons.....	91
Everett, Mrs. H. F., College View.....	185

POETRY OF NEBRASKA.

Flook, Jacob, Indianola.....	44
Gale, Charles F., Beatrice.....	36
Gardiner, Joseph Warren, Brewster.....	72
Garten, Kate U., Fullerton.....	129
Good, J. E. B., Long Pine.....	48
Griggs, Nathan K., Lincoln.....	40
Hall, M. L., Elkhorn.....	45
Hawks, Mrs. Nellie, Friend.....	116
Hoffman, Mrs. Mary B., Newman Grove.....	109
Horron, Hank, Omaha	182
Howe, Mrs. Mary E., Table Rock.....	46
Hultberg, Anna V., Ashland.....	188
Hughes, J. B., Cozad.....	162
Hunt, Rev. B. H., Georgetown.....	169
Hussong, Edward M., Bloomington.....	154
Jarvis, Mrs. Grace E., Fullerton.....	37
Johnson, Julius B., Johnson.....	125
Jones, Lauren, Gordon	55
Kay, M. W., Nebraska City.....	55
La Chapelle, J. B., Ashland.....	172
Leach, LeRoy, Wood Lake.....	76
Leacock, Orpha A., Bertrand.....	129
Learned, George W., University Place.....	93
Leighton, Mrs. Harriet W., Lincoln.....	150
Lindsay, John T., Sr., Niobrara.....	77
Lowe, John Cupp, Omaha.....	97
Lyle, Mrs. Cora G., Friend.....	95
Lynds, William B., Bartlett.....	80
Lynn, George, Hastings	53
McCormack, Mrs. B., Waco.....	175
McGuire, Charles L.	115
McRae, Emma, Schuyler	133
Moon, Frances Ellen, Schuyler.....	107
Morgan, J. Edward, Central City.....	163
Myers, William E., Tamora.....	174
Nicholl, Miss Minnie A., Millersboro.....	79

POETRY OF NEBRASKA.

Orr, John W., Superior.....	70
Otis, Charles S., Blue Springs.....	88
O'Sullivan, Daniel P., O'Neill.....	90
Pershing, Homer C., Lincoln.....	177
Poe, Dr. Caswell T., Grand Island.....	60
Randall, Benjamin, Colclessner	171
Rea, Clyde B., Stanford	173
Renfrew, Carrie, Hastings	43
Rice, Mrs. Clara E., Neligh.....	132
Smith, Mrs. Sarah J., Indianola.....	191
Snider, Joseph W., Millerton.....	135
Spaulding, A. V., Omaha.....	178
Stanchfield, Mrs. Mattie C., Rushville.....	49
Stanchfield, Lillian, Rushville.....	51
Stanfield, J. W., Belden.....	140
Sydenham, M. E. H., Kearney.....	184
Towne, Mrs. Julia B., Johnstown.....	63
Townsley, Frances E., Ashland.....	34
Trice, Mrs. Jerena W.....	156
Van Burg, Mrs. Lizzie, Holbrook.....	98
Walker, John, Humphrey	140
Warner, M. M., Lyons.....	58
Westcott, Mrs. Mary W., Swanton.....	39
White, Emmett M., Valley.....	106
Whitmann, E. A., Madison.....	66
Wiley, Mrs. Genevieve, Greely Center.....	152
Williams, William H.....	182
Wisely, J. L., Lincoln.....	130
Wortman, Ada C., Ashland.....	176
Young, Mrs. Elvira J., Columbus.....	108
Poetry of Missouri	193



POETRY OF NEBRASKA

PAUL CUNNINGHAM.

BORN: CANADA, AUG. 10, 1846.

Two years after his marriage in 1868 to Miss Mary E. Seaman, Mr. Cunningham moved to Iowa, and the year following settled in Nebraska, where he now resides at Osceola. For two years he was city marshal. He has written one hundred poems.

NEBRASKA.

Now out here in Nebraska,
This land of lovely flowers,
I am glad that each can think
There is no land like ours.

Wild red men, too, since I came West,
Over these prairies run;
They robbed us of what bread we had,
And left our children none.

The buffalo, with curly pate,
And rough and crumpled horn,
Once was the monarch of our state,
Where now grows golden corn.

And now all over this fair land
Are homes and cities built,
Where once the Indian had command
And precious blood was spilt.

Great fields of flowing grain
Are by the white man tilled,
And in the Autumn many a crib
With golden ears is filled.

Now all our happy homes
With plenty surely's blessed :
Wars and rumors cease to be,
And all is quiet rest.

A THUNDER STORM.

Hark! Thunder's rumblings seem to shake
The raindrops from the sky ;
While lightnings from their chambers break
And through the heavens fly.

This earth, on which we now do tread,
To the center will be shook ;
The graves will then give up their dead,
To meet what's in life's book.

O friend, how is thy soul ?
God's plan I know's complete ;
Earth rolls together as a scroll
And melts with fervent heat.

What will you say at last,
When God says: Child, come home !
Then Gabriel gives the awful blast,
And God sits on His throne.

FRANCES E. TOWNSLEY.

BORN: ALBANY, N. Y., SEPT. 13, 1851.

She is pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Ashland, Nebraska. She has remarkable power of language and of much eloquence. She was licensed to preach in 1874, and has ever since been engaged in gospel work. Miss Townsley is a singer and a writer of prose and poetry, and her poems have appeared in the *Youth's Companion* and many of the leading periodicals of America.

WAITING.

"Wait for Trotty!" The childish pleading,
Bird-like and sweet,

Calls to a little blue-eyed maiden
 With flying feet.
Curls of gold in the morning sunshine
 Glisten and glow;
Fair little hands reach out to Trotty
 Climbing below.

“Please wait for Trotty! ’cause I’m coming—
 Dear little Kate!”
And the glad hill-tops echo the answer—
 “‘Yes! I will wait!’”

Years have gone and Trotty, the darling,
 Is climbing still;
Turning I hear his old-time pleading
 Over the hill:

“Wait for me, darling, for I am coming,
 Coming, tho’ late!”
And I reply, “Till the heavens fall o’er us—
 “‘Yes! I will wait!’”

THE TREE AND THE SKY.

A tall old tree on the meadow farms,
 Withered and bare and dry,
Reached out his empty, yearning arms,
And begged of the sky with her thousand charms
 To smile on him lest he die!

She hid her face from his longing gaze,
 And a cloud concealed her smile;
But under the cloud and the mist and the haze,
With an April sky’s most wanton ways,
 She watched him all the while.

All the while till sick at heart,
 Not knowing the love she bore;
He cried, “O, pitiless that thou art,
Look on me once, ere my life depart,
 And I will ask no more!”

Was it a tear, or a whispered vow,
 That fell from the face of the sky

Perhaps the blossoms that cover him now,
Or the birds that sing on each leafy bough,
Can tell you, better than I!

CHARLES F. GALE.

BORN: KENOSHA, WIS., FEB. 15, 1856.

In 1881 he attended the Commercial School at Keokuk, Iowa, and taught school several years previous to that time. He was married in 1882 to Miss Adula G. Garrison, and has two children—one son, Clarence Willard, born in 1886, and a daughter, Laura Olive, born in 1889. His poems have appeared in *The Christian at Work*, *Woman's Tribune*, *Beatrice Express*, and others.

ABSENT.

When the daylight's latest glimmer
Struggles with the shades of night;
And the watch-fires of the angels
Shed their soft and tender light:

When the stealthy shadows softly
Wrap their mantle 'round the earth;
And the home-light of the embers
Floats and quivers on the hearth;

Then, my darling, something whispers
That thy thoughts are all of me;
And my lonely meditations
Fly on eager wings to thee.

Do I love thee? Ask the roses
If they ever bloom in June;
Do the brooklets dance and sparkle
'Neath the round-faced harvest moon?

Does the plover love the sunshine?
Do the thrushes haunt the shade?
Does the deer delight to wander
In the sheltered forest glade?

Thou art absent, I am lonely,
But a sorcerer divine
Throws a bridge across the distance
That divides thy heart from mine.

Talisman of all the ages,
Since the flight of time began;
Love, the fairest gift of Eden,
Is the dearest friend of man.

MRS. GRACE E. JARVIS.

BORN: VERNON, IOWA, MARCH 30, 1871.

About two hundred poems of this writer have appeared in the periodical press. She was married in 1886 to Alvah P. Jarvis, and now resides in Fullerton, Nebraska.

O, THEY SHALL LIVE.
O, they shall live, these songs of mine,
I'll write them with a pen of fire:
True poesy's a gift divine,
The poet's soul a living lyre.
My song shall live. The June-time flowers
Shall lend their sweetness to delight;
And fairy nymphs, from ocean's bowers,
Shall whisper to me through the night.

The rugged mountains towering high,
To me will all their secrets tell;
I'll learn my wisdom from the sky,
My music from the vesper's knell.

Grand Nature, in all things, shall be
The only teacher I will know;
Her every phase unveiled to me,
With truth shall set my heart aglow.

When in the tomb my body lies,
Still in songs I'll seem to live;
And Nature, whispering to the skies,
Shall say: 'Twas all she had to give.

MRS. FLORA H. CASSEL.

BORN: OTTERVILLE, ILL., AUG. 21, 1852.

The earliest education of this lady was in the public and high schools of Whitehall, Ill. When sixteen years old she went to live with an aunt in Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. John Abbott Titcomb, where she continued her musical and other studies. From there she went to Maplewood Institute, Pittsfield, Mass., graduating in music from the school in '73, after which she entered Shurtleff College as teacher of music. Here in 1874 she was married to Dr. E. T. Cassel. Since then, Nebraska has been their home, and for several years past the city of Hastings. Mrs. Cassel is the author of *White Ribbon Vibrations*, the popular W. C. T. U. song book, and other works.

COME, BELOVED.

Come to me, now, Beloved,
For time is weary to me;
The days are dead,
The nights are dread,
The breezes are sighing,
All Nature is crying,
Because thou art far away, Beloved—
Because thou art far away.

Come to me now, Beloved,
My heart is crying for thee;
Oh! love of mine,
The sun would shine,
The winds go to singing,
Sweet messages bringing,
If thou wert only here, Beloved—
If thou wert only here.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

Beautiful Flowers,
Blossoms we love,
Born of the showers,
Sent from above,
Blooming in every hue
Under the skies of blue,

Joy of the good and true—
Beautiful flowers.

Beautiful flowers,
Messages bring
Out of their bowers,
Praising our King!
Hope in bud is furred,
Love in the petals curled,
Incense for all the world!
Beautiful flowers!

Beautiful flowers!
Balm of our pain,
Joy of the hours,
Yet to remain,
Cheering the desolate,
Calming the desperate,
Blessing disconsolate,
Beautiful flowers!

MRS. M. W. WESTCOTT.

BORN: BOONE CO., ILL., MAY 28, 1856.

The poems of this lady have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. She was married in 1873 to Lowry O. Westcott, and has one son, Don, born in 1875. Mrs. Westcott resides in Swanton, Nebraska, where she is very popular.

WHEREFORE.

From whence comes this heavenly music
Playing ever 'round my heart;
And what means these haunting voices—
Voices that will not depart?

Are they come from down the valley
That's been flooded with my tears?
Do they stay to urge me onward
To the unknown wealth of years?

Do they think to lift me higher,
Make me richer than before;
And blot out the deathless terror
Of the past's terrific roar?

Blessed then their tireless vigil,
I will heed their gladsome strain,
I will listen to their music
While I reap life's golden grain.

NATHAN KIRK GRIGGS.

BORN: FRANKFORT, IND., OCT. 25, 1844.

After teaching school a number of terms, Mr. Griggs entered upon the study of law at Greensburg in his native state. In the spring of 1867 he graduated in law at Bloomington, Indiana, and then went to Nebraska to enter upon the practice of his profession, settling at Beatrice, where he still resides. In 1871 he was chosen a member of the convention to revise the constitution of his State. In 1872 and again in 1874 he was elected to the State Senate, and in January, 1874, he was unanimously elected president of that body. In the next year he was appointed United States Consul to Chemnitz, Saxony, by President Grant, where he remained six years, again returning to Beatrice to resume the practice of the law. He is attorney of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. Co. He is not only a poet, having a book of poems ready for the press, but also a musician and singer. He has issued a large volume of music for churches and Sunday schools. A large number of his songs have been published in sheet music form.

VESPER CRADLE SONG.

Now the day at prayer is kneeling—
Hushabye baby, sleep;
And the vesper notes are stealing—
Hushabye baby, sleep;
And the eve in silver dressed,
Pins her star upon her breast—

Sing low, swing low,
 Hushabye baby, sleep.
 Now the day is drowsy growing—
 Hushabye baby, sleep;
 And the fire-fly lamps are glowing—
 Hushabye baby, sleep;
 And the lily sips for you,
 Nectar from the lips of dew—
 Sing low, swing low,
 Hushabye baby, sleep.

Now the day is sweetly dreaming—
 Hushabye baby, sleep;
 And the eyes of night are beaming—
 Hushabye baby, sleep;
 And beside your cherub feet,
 Pussy purrs to you, my sweet—
 Sing low, swing low,
 Hushabye baby, sleep.

ONCE MORE.

I saw to-day
 Some little ones play,
 And sing an old song as I passed,
 Who woke for me
 The visions of glee,
 That sleep in the hallowed past.

* * * * *

At eve once more,
 Again as of yore,
 My stocking I hung on the wall,
 For well I knew
 That Santa so true,
 Ere morning with goodies would call.

I heard once more,
 At night, the wild roar,
 Of winter by Boreas led,
 Yet gave no care,
 For mother was there
 To lovingly tuck me in bed.

I saw once more,
 As often before,
 The school-room I ever will love,
 With walls so marred
 And benches so searred,
 And spider-webs hanging above.

But now once more,
 Those visions are o'er,
 Whose splendors illumine the skies;
 The spring is dead,
 The summer has fled,
 And sadly the autumn wind sighs.

* * * * *

With shouts once more,
 Across the dear floor, . . .
 I galloped astride of a broom,
 And slid down stairs,
 And jostled the chairs,
 And frolicked in mother's best room.

I drew once more
 Upon the old door,
 The teacher's own portrait so queer;
 And then—grim fate—
 When sadly too late,
 Discovered the teacher was near.

And then once more
 My clothing I tore,
 When bending a sapling to ride;
 But still no word
 Or sorrow was heard,
 Good clothing ne'er being my pride.

I sought once more
 A memoried shore,
 And joyfully sprang in a stream—
 The wave's embrace
 And silvery face
 Entrance like a beautiful dream.

O dreams so sweet,
 The weary ye greet,
 With visions of happiest hours,
 And robe your views
 In heavenly hues,
 And border life's river with flowers.

CARRIE RENFREW.

BORN : MARSEILLES, ILL.

The poems of Carrie Renfrew have appeared in the
 Woman's Tribune and the periodical press generally.
 She resides at Hastings, Nebraska.

LIFE IS SO BEAUTIFUL! SING, POET, SING.

Life is so beautiful! sing, poet, sing,
 Lavish thy songs through the bountiful spring:
 Sweet are the buds and the blossoms that kiss
 April and May into fair wedded bliss.
 Sweet is the warbling of birds, and the cheer,
 Flung in a halo of sound through the year:
 Dearest of all is life's love; let it beat—
 Thus, only thus, earth and heaven may meet.
 Life is so wonderful! sing, poet, sing,

Sound with thy plummet the wonders, and bring
 Some of thy poet-lore unto the ears,
 Waiting to grasp from the wisdom of years;
 Cull from the petal-housed hearts of the flowers
 Sweet-scented thoughts to encompass the hours;
 Weave from the web of the strange and the fair,
 Garlands of fancies to brighten old care.

Life is so sorrowful! sing, poet, sing,
 Balm leavest thou where the thorns leave a sting;
 Pain, born with life, moves with joy side by side;
 Naught but the conqueror—death—can divide.
 Beautiful, wonderful, sorrowful life!
 Sweetness and bitterness ever at strife!
 Yet to the warmth and the passion we cling:
 Life is so beautiful—sing, poet, sing.

REV. JACOB FLOOK.

BORN: ENGLAND, APRIL 18, 1855.

Graduating in 1877, this gentleman was married the year following to Miss Ruth Parker, and now has a family of five children. In 1882 he emigrated to America, and has filled pastorates in the Congregational Church at New Haven, Mich., Atlanta, Ga., Cambridge, Ill., and Indianola, Neb., where he is at present officiating.

BLEST STAR DIVINE.

Blest star divine! so sweet and bright,
Shine on the nations thy pure light;
Let all mankind thy glory see,
And sinful hearts be drawn to thee.

In thy majestic orb rise high,
And reach the zenith of thy sky;
Chase sin, and want, and pain away;
Bring in the "Everlasting Day."

Into our hearts thy influence pour;
Inspire us all to love thee more;
Transform us by thy power divine,
And let each soul be wholly thine.

J. C. BOONE.

BORN: OWEN CO., IND., APRIL 13, 1841.

Mr. Boone was a soldier in the Civil War, belonging to the Army of the Cumberland. His poems have appeared extensively in the local press. Mr. Boone is now engaged in business at Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

ONCE MORE BEDECKED.

Once more bedecked—those silent graves,
Where lie beneath the noble braves,
Who once with valor trod their beat,
Lie silent in their long retreat.
Sweet memories in each loyal breast,
For our noble braves that have gone to rest;
Peace, dear comrades, calmly sleep,
While many o'er thy silence weep,

Thy race is run, you've gone before :
 Free from trials and human gore ;
 You fought the battles and won the race,
 And have gone hence to a better place.
 We've crowned thy mounds with fragrant flowers,
 In remembrance of thy perilous hours,
 We adorned thy covering—old Mother Earth :
 Then reflect in sadness, as we return to our mirth :
 We should ever be mindful, remember the past,
 That time is passing—we'll get there at last ;
 And may the stars and stripes forever wave,
 To bedeck the veteran's grave.

M. L. HALL.

BORN : ULSTER CO., N. Y., MAY 18, 1824.

At the age of twenty-one Mr. Hall was married in Bridgeport, Conn., and there carried on house and ship painting until 1861, when he moved to a farm in Delaware County, New York. In 1869 he moved to Nebraska, where he has a farm at Elkhorn, near Omaha. He has published a little book entitled *Eternal Nature*, which has received high praise.

MY FIRST LOVE NOTES.

Were you to come, though life has passed away,
 And smile so sweet, and touch this pulseless clay,
 And press again those cherry lips to mine,
 My soul would feel the glow—the touch divine ;
 And back to life and love would wing its way,
 And heart and soul in rapturous bliss entwine.

Death could not hold me by his chains one day
 If but my love drew near ; a heaven-lit ray
 Would thrill my heart. In sweet response to thine
 'Twould quickly burst from death's dark, cheerless
 mine

And lead thee to this dell ; again more gay
 We'd clasp anew and sip love's ruby wine.

A VALENTINE.

O many a false and roving knight
 Will send this day to his lady bright

His vows, deceitful and deceiving,
And wound her heart past all retrieving.

And there's many a maiden bright and fair,
Whose cheeks will deeper crimson wear,
As with throbbing heart and soft eyes beaming,
She reads the words so truthful seeming.

And many a lover hails the day
When he, in rhyme, his thoughts can say,
With words unchecked by the bashful flutter,
That spoils the best his lips can utter.

O, St. Valentine hath many a jest,
And mirth, that youthful souls love best,
And many a blush and gentle sighing
Of hearts to his fond words replying.

But not for mirth, nor a lover's lay,
Do I invoke his aid to-day;
But to fasten friendship's chain of silver,
I ask a dart from out his quiver.

MRS. MARY E. HOWE.

BORN: PAINESVILLE, OHIO, JUNE 26, 1831.

In 1861 this lady was married to Orville D. Howe, an educated gentleman, who has for the most part of his life been engaged in teaching, and for six years superintendent of schools, and is now County Surveyor of Pawnee County, Nebraska. She has two children—Edmund Dudley, who graduated at the Nebraska State University in 1877, and Myrta, a graduate of the Beethoven Conservatory of Music of St. Louis. Mrs. Howe received a prize for a composition of prose and poetry at the Painesville Academy in 1849. She now resides in Table Rock, Nebraska.

ON THE HILLS.

O, rarest of all Septembers,
With skies of serenest blue;
When over the hills of chestnut
I wandered, Neville, with you.

The waves of a stone-paved river
Were humming below our feet;
While above us the bending grape vines
Reached down their clusters sweet.

A fallen tree, mossy and olden,
For us was a throne of state,
For joy waved his banner o'er us,
And opened his golden gate.

Like zephyrs from out the south-land
Were breathed our thrilling words;
While we heard not the river's murmur
Nor carol of autumn birds.

O, words that my heart still echoes,
O, flashing eyes, deep and bright;
You have crowned with your love and your glory
Those hills with eternal light.

And this morn, as the rays of silver
Gleam out from the eastern skies,
And I watch from my lonely casement
The hazy sunbeams rise;

These prairies and woodlands vanish
As freshens the morning breeze,
And again with Neville I ramble.
Beneath the chestnut trees.

The waves of that stone-paved river
Hum softly a lyric sweet;
While grapes of purple ripeness
Are falling around my feet.

Far away are the brown fields lying,
Where stood the summer sheaves;
While filled with the south-wind's sighing,
Shine o'er us the autumn leaves.

And the air, of an ether golden,
The sky, as an azure sea,
Bring again their September beauty
To us by the chestnut tree.

J. E. B. GOOD.

BORN COLUMBUS, OHIO, JAN. 2, 1851.

After receiving his education at Defiance, in his native state, Mr. Good began active life by establishing the Defiance Daily Journal and Defiance Weekly Republican, in 1876, espousing the Republican cause. He was married to Miss Sarah E. Mix in 1874 and removed to Nebraska February 17, 1886, where he founded the Prairie Queen at Newport, and subsequently purchased the Republican Journal at Long Pine in 1890. In 1892 he gained a monopoly of the Brown County press in the purchase of the Star-Journal, which he now publishes at Ainsworth, Nebraska. Mr. Good has three children—Alta L., born in 1881; Ora A., born in 1887, and Victor L., born in 1891.

THE WIND.

I come from the haunts of mount and lake,
I make a sudden sally,
And send the small boy's hat so gay
A-sailing up the alley.

I paint the maiden's nose with red,
I send the snow a-scooting;
And make the fat man chase his hat,
With hallowing and hooting.

From off the line the clothes I blow,
And e'en the line I sever;
For snow may come and snow may go,
But I go on forever.

LIFE'S MIRAGE.

A strange phenomenon is seen
On land and on the seas;
Snow-fields on high, cities in air,
And hillsides dotted o'er with trees;
'Tis called Mirage, and oft appears,
Most beautiful to view;
We look with wonder on the scenes
And note their dazzling hue.

How oft in life bright castles rise,
Like fair mirage upon the air;
Our souls doth paint them on the skies,
And brightly do they glisten there;
But ah, how soon the castles fade:
A darkened cloud floats in between—
The soul's deceived and quickly knows
'Twas but a mirage—the towers seen.

The glittering scenes that we behold
Through life's kaleidoscope—
That gleaming like the sparkling gems
Upon the flowers of hope,
Too often are delusions vain—
Deceptive as mirage at sea,
Inverted ships in canvas neat,
That seem to float in brilliancy.

'Twas ever thus, 'twill e'er be so,
Refraction is earth's atmosphere;
And what we deem a gladsome smile,
May be the foreground of a tear.
Mirage of life! A mystery thou,
Thy falseness oft to us hast shown;
That many of the brightest dreams
Have reals never to be known.

MRS. M. STANCHFIELD.

BORN: CENTER POINT, IOWA, JAN. 8, 1853.

At the age of sixteen this lady commenced teaching school and taught a number of terms. In 1875 she was married to H. J. Stanchfield, a popular educator. They moved to Sheridan County, Nebraska, where they now reside at Rushville. Mrs. Stanchfield has written quite extensively for the press and her poems number nearly two hundred. In 1892 she contributed to a book published in Omaha to represent the Literature of Nebraska at the Columbian Exposition. Mrs. Stanchfield has one daughter, Lillian Myrtle, born in 1881, who is represented elsewhere in this work.

ONLY DRIFTING.

I am drifting outward, onward,
Drifting toward the Sunset Bar,
O'er life's billow waves triumphant,
Toward the shining gate ajar.
Only drifting on to heaven,
With His lasting arms beneath me,
Soon to wear my crown awaiting
In the port o'er crystal sea.

Drifting outward, onward, over,
Soon to be amid the calms,
Resting in Divine assurance
In His everlasting arms.
Angel bands await my coming,
Throng around me angel bands,
Bear me outward, onward, upward,
To my house not made with hands.

ONWARD.

Courage, brothers, do not falter,
Though the way be rough and steep;
Let no circumstances goad you
On to take the final leap:
Into bondage, into darkness,
Down where naught but devils keep.

See the lights above you shining,
O'er a zigzag mountain path;
See the lower lights are burning
'Long the lonely way, God hath
Stationed sentinels to guard you
From the cruel foeman's wrath.

Onward, onward, do not waver
At the mountain's lofty height;
Fear not, when thy eyes turn upward
Thou shalt see the flashing light;
Flee unto the mount of refuge
Ere the darkest hours of night.

Sing, ye choirs, inspiring music,
Sound the tocsin, beat the drum,
Melt the heavens with your voices,
Make the valley echoes hum:
Onward march toward progression,
Soon thy deliverance will come.

God is ever in advancement,
Right and truth shall win the day,
Through all storm-clouds of opinion
Flashing lights now point the way:
O'er the desert, through the sea,
E'en through the Gate of Eternity.

LILLIAN STANCHFIELD.

BORN: RUSHVILLE, NEB., MAY 5, 1881.

Lillian Myrtle, daughter of H. J. and Mattie Cress Stanchfield, displays rare literary talent for one so young. The poem "Sweet Bells" was written by her when but eleven years of age. She is now a pupil of the Rushville school.

SWEET BELLS.

Chime on, sweet old-year bells,
In you I find relief;
Old year so swift chimed out,
To part with you is grief.

Your music makes me strong,
Though oft I am so weak;
They lighten burdens here—
Make me my Savior seek.

Make me renew resolves,
Because they seem to call
Jesus from heaven to earth,
To be my All in All.

Chime on, you seem to call:
"Come o'er the Jasper sea";
I seem to hear him say:
"Little ones, come unto me."

W. REED DUNROY.

BORN : GALESBURG, ILL., OCT. 1, 1869.

The poems of Mr. Dunroy occasionally appear in the periodical press. He has always manifested great love for poetry and the drama and began his literary work as reporter on a daily newspaper. Mr. Dunroy is now a resident of South Omaha, Nebraska.

MOUNTAIN FLOWERS.

Away above the daisy's bed,
Above the place where roses grow,
Beneath the shade of rugged rocks
The fragile mountain flowers grow.

So near the sky they seem to take
Their color from the deepest hue,
As poised on stems so slight and frail
They bend with weight of drop of dew.

The sterile rock, so bleak and bare,
To harbor life has scanty store;
But careless of their barren home
The flowers reach skyward more and more.

And thus it is with human souls
Who find this earth a barren spot;
They turn to heaven and borrow there
A beauty that the earth has not.

PANSIES IN A LETTER.

I opened a letter this morning
And out from its perfumed fold
There fell a shower of pansies,
All purple and white and gold.

They came from a far distant country,
Where white-crested mountains rise,
Flinging their shadows forever
Where the sheltering valley lies.

As I gazed on their dainty color,
It seemed that I caught a view

Of the place where God had painted
Their dresses of varied hue:

From the sunset, the golden color,
From the shadows, the purple shade;
And then from the snow-capped mountains
The pure white spots were made.

I saw in a vision before me
A scene 'neath far western skies,
Where God hath piled up His glories
To gladden our wondering eyes.

I learned then a blessed contentment,
If God thus hath a share
In making such scenes and such flow'rs,
For me He will surely care.

GEORGE LYNN.

BORN: FEB. 7, 1822, IN ENGLAND.

For thirty-five years he was a journalist in Lockport, Ill., and since 1887 in Hastings, Neb., where he now practices law. For a while he was editor and owner of *Our Own Opinion*, and is the author of a number of meritorious poems.

OLD LETTERS.

Mute voices of the living past,
How clear your record speaks to me;
In thoughts and feelings binding fast
Each added link to memory;
And yet how much was near forgot
Till last we conned your pages o'er,
Of friends who cast with us their lot
In early days, in days of yore.

Sweet faces faded from our view,
Through the erasive work of years,
Till brought by you, as fair, and true
As in their moods of smiles and tears;

And as we read your written speech,
Its language of the heart and brain,
The past was brought within our reach,
The seeming lost was found again.

Like the unrolling of a scroll,
Whereon the artist has portrayed
The pictures of a living soul
In every phase, of light and shade,
These children of the human mind
Appear in every garb, and hue,
With love and tenderness entwined,
Varied expressions of the true.

And yet they are a motley throng,
With wit and humor, grave and gay;
Some came in sermons, some in song,
In varied moods of mental play.
And others in their sunniest hours
To tell of happiest times and deeds,
Arrayed in wreaths and bridal flowers,

And some, alas, in sable weeds.
Yet ever and anon we hear
Sweet voices from the farther shore
Of that fair land whose skies are clear,
Where love and life reign evermore.
The past threw wide its open doors,
And bade the sleeping memories wake,
And from its dim and distant shores,
Brought many treasures for our sake.

And this is human life in part,
Its trials and its sunny joys,
That test the strength of mind and heart,
And dally with its girls and boys.
So dear "old letters," you remind
Us of our loves, and social needs;
In your expressions we can find
The truth to gild our human deeds.

M. W. KAY.

BORN: NEBRASKA CITY, NEB., APRIL 1, 1857.

The poems of Mr. Kay occasionally appear in the local press, generally under the nom de plume of Wink. He still resides in the place of his nativity.

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

'Tis not the value of the present
That one gives to another,
That shows the feelings are quite pleasant
That exist between each other:

But if that feeling did exist
More freely on every hand,
Friendship would not be like the mist
But bound as with an iron band.

The pleasures of this life should be
Enjoyed on every side,
And true friends, you will find, would be
Increased, as time doth glide.

Oh, comrade! If your friends be few,
And this life worth its living,
To them prove yourself ever true,
And freely in your giving.

LAUREN JONES.

BORN: PAGE CO., IOWA, JUNE 1, 1866.

The poems of Lauren Jones constantly appear in the periodical press. He is the author of a drama entitled "Queen Esther." He is well known as a poet, dramatist and writer. Mr. Jones was married in 1891 to Miss Katie Ballengee, and now resides in Gordon, Nebraska.

YOU MAY.

You may wound a tender heart
And fill it with a sigh;
You may blast the brightest hope

And "lay it up to dry";
You may think you know it all
And others know you are a fool;
You may get just all you can
And never use the Golden Rule;
You may think that you're an angel
And others know you ain't;
You may with money honest be
And yet may bear a rotten taint;
You may glut with greedy gain
And present fame be thine;
But no sweet mem'ries will be left
When your life has ceased to shine.

A COMMON TRAMP.

O'er the track
With weary back
There came a seedy man;
His toes stuck out and eyes sank in—
No goodly race he ran.

Slow he wandered,
Deep he pondered,
Wandered on so calm and free,
That by man it was wondered
Who this wanderer could be.

Breezelets straying
Came a-playing
Through his whiskers free,
But in his heart there was not found
A wholesome, cheering glee.

His hat was worn,
His pants were torn,
He wore a hungry look;
And Time, the elf, some time ago,
His bloom of youth had took.

His coat tail gone,
His face was wan,

But yet his careworn form
Moved slowly on 'neath heated rays
Down straight and warm.

He was seedy,
He was needy,
Looking for a place to camp,
And was hungry as a starving coyote—
He was just a common tramp.

NORPHIE ERNEST BOTTOM.

BORN: NOV. 14, 1869, IN ANNA, ILL.

He is the editor and owner of *The Chronicle*, of Deshler, Neb., and his poems have been given a place in several standard works.

AT CHRISTMAS.

When does the small boy beat his drum,,
Till we are rattled deaf and dumb?
When does the turkey harvest come?
At Christmas.

When does the urchin lose his fears
And blow his tin horn in our ears,
And girls rejoice o'er dolly dears?
At Christmas.

When do the women bake and fry
All "good things" found beneath the sky,
And feed us till we nearly die?
At Christmas.

When does the man don his Sunday suit
To go upon a little toot,
And get a boa in his boot?
At Christmas.

When should we all our wrongs forgive,
Strive nobler, purer lives to live,
And to the poor some comfort give?
At Christmas.

When do we speak our words of cheer
More freely than through all the year?
When do our loved ones seem most dear?
At Christmas.

DECORATION DAY.

Gallant boys, to-day we're thinking
Of the days of sixty-one;
When the war-drum's roll resounded
And the deadly roar of gun;
When the brave at home were praying:
"God, my gallant loved ones save";
For well they knew that in each battle
There must be some "fallen brave."

CHORUS:

Farewell, brave ones, you will never
Bear your country's arms again;
But, oh! we'll not forget your service
Now you're resting from all pain.

Now the cruel war is over
And its sacred object won;
But there perished in the conflict
Many a brave and noble son;
And death each year since has taken
Many a boy who wore the blue;
So now there's left among the living
But an honored, noble few.

Hark! I hear a gentle echo
Saying, "Love the living brave;
For soon they, too, will all be sleeping
In the cold and silent grave."
Now that gentle voice continues:
"Honor those long passed away,
And strew their graves with brightest flowers
On each Decoration Day."

M. M. WARNER.

BORN : AUG. 20, 1855, IN RICHLAND, IOWA.

He is a publisher of Lyons, Nebraska, and the author of "Warner's History of Dakota County" and a volume of poems.

LIFE.

On we surged down the stream
Of everlasting Time;
Soon to sink to live again
Beneath a heavenly clime,
Where mortals rest from the toils
Of this mysterious earth,
And live on through endless years
In jubilee and mirth.

Was this conviction planted
In our progenerate race,
And we to-day inherit
This vague, declining grace?
Or is it by tradition's
Sly and causeless hand,
Wherein lies all future hopes
Of that invisible Land?

Ah, what pond'rous questions
To grapple with the mind:
O, say, shall we yet see them
Unraveled to Mankind?
O, shall the countless ages
Roll on forevermore,
And man never know what lies
Beyond Life's stormy shore?

The clouds of Superstition move
Slowly, steadily away,
While the dawning light of Reason
Breaks upon our eyes to-day.
Yes, slowly and steadily
Rises the scale of Life;
Slowly, steadily, Reason
Is conquering in the strife.

Higher laws and better men
 Will yet live to rule our land,
 And free o'er the battle ground
 Of Ignorance they shall stand;
 Grasping all natural laws,
 Man will rise above our race:
 He then will solve the mystery
 Of our final Resting Place.

Lifting the veil of Future Years,
 Diving deep into the Past,
 He penetrates the problems
 Which now to us seem so vast.
 Thus Life, upward and onward,
 Strives the Universe to scan;
 And will not this course yet lead
 The World on—to Infinite Man?

CASWELL T. POE.

BORN: RICHMOND, VA., MARCH 27, 1830.

For over forty years the subject of this sketch has followed the profession of physician and surgeon, and for the past twenty-two years has practiced that profession at Grand Island, Nebraska. He has been city physician for six terms and county physician for nine years, and was medical director of St. Frances Hospital for five years, voluntarily resigning each of these positions because of his advanced age. He is a descendant of the Poe family of which Edgar Allen Poe was a member.

HOURS OF NIGHT.

'Tis the hour for silent slumber,
 Morpheus soothes the rosy nest,
 When the chimes are twelve in number,
 Mark the hour for peaceful rest.

'Tis the hour when thieves and robbers,
 Under mantle of the night,
 Prowl in stealth, working for plunder,
 Caring nothing for the right.

'Tis the hour when every mother
Nestles close her little child,
Heeding not the darksome weather
Or the dirge of wind so wild.

Mater loves her little broodling,
Pater's on the stormy main;
While her thoughts his safety keeping,
Heavy falls the gushing rain.

'Tis the hour which brainwork favors,
Lucid depths of mental light;
Plans for state, or finance shavers—
Others sweetest rhymes indite.

Phantom goblins, ghastly shadows,
Choose the hours of sombre light;
Hypothetic imps of hades
Use the drapery of night.

'Tis the hour for love platonic;
'Tis an idealistic gleam:
Swift the nimble toe fantastic
Verifies the poet's dream.

Sweet, delicious music stealing,
Every soul in mazy hall;
And the poetry of motion
Charms the sight of one and all.

Yet, methinks, in lighted attic,
Artists burn the midnight oil;
Arduous work, enthusiastic,
Genius shrinketh not from toil.

Sacred ever be the temple,
Sacred ever be the fame
Of the hero, great or humble,
Working for an honest name.

MRS. FLORENCE MAI BANCROFT.

She is a successful writer of Lexington, Nebraska,
and the author of a number of meritorious poems.

SOMETIME.

Oh, that beautiful vision of dreamland,
That we hope for, we all love to view;
Its castles we build with such patience,
Forgetting how apt they to woe.
Oh, sometime, Oh, whispers of fortune,
Of miraculous wonders to come;
Oh, haven where sorrow and trouble
Forever ne'er more shall intrude.

Oh, the pleasure of wishing and hoping,
For the comforting shades of sometime,
Where all is content and perfection,
How slowly we near to its shores.
Yet whispering hope cheers us onward,
And brightens the promise of time;
How cheerless, how dreary, is living,
Without our dreams of sometime.

Oh, spirits of futurity, that nymphland,
Dwell near us with fires of song;
Teach us the truth of that sometime
We've looked for, we've dreamed of, so long.
Entranced in the shades of the twilight,
To sometime devoting the hour,
Thy domes and thy castles are dazzling,
We see in the light of a fire.

THE FROST UPON THE PANE.

There's a picture, see! This morning upon the window
pane,
Not made with crayon, nor traced, nor yet by mortal
man:
The woods, trees, dells and rocks, shrouded by a mys-
tic veil
Of glistening frost work; no hall of art has specimens
so rare—

For their's are made by man, the rich alone may
share—
But mine are made by God alike for rich and poor.
But then the noon of day bids the sun to spread her
rays,
Then my picture on the pane fades, drop by drop,
away :
So is the life of man, as one short summer day—
The infant tide of morn, the glory of noon-day :
And then there comes the eve of age when the soul
Must flee away from the body old and worn
With the weight and cares of years.

Then lay me gently down, and let no harsh word mar
My last repose, but let some humble man of God
O'er my body's tomb this prayer repeat :
Thy will, O God, be done: 'Tis but Dame Nature's
laws,
As in their turn revolve, saying: In the morn, O
come ;
At life's eve, 'tis time! Begone.

But look! While yet I speak, my picture fades,
The bells have ceased to ring: As requiem is peace
And as its beauties fade, kissed by the noon-day sun
Whose power fails (at eve's first shadows coming in),
O, grasp this beauteous thought, some good to find
In everything: the ill to let go by.

MRS. JULIA B. TOWNE.

BORN: PONTIAC, MICH., APRIL 8, 1838.

About one hundred poems have been written by
Mrs. Towne, many of which have appeared in the
periodical press. For many years she lived in Grand
Island, Nebraska, with her husband and daughter; but
after the death of this daughter, in 1893, they removed
to Johnstown, Nebraska.

THOUGHTS.

When my days on earth are ended,
And I've crossed the misty sea,

Will my dear ones be there waiting—
Will they come and welcome me?
Will our Father say unto me:
“Well done, good and faithful one,
Enter thou into the rest-land—
All thy earthly work is done”?

There is rest beyond life's desert,
Heaven fills the soul with bliss;
All the sin of earth is ended,
Naught but love remains of this:
Flowers bloom that are unfading,
Children live that cannot die;
There all tears are wiped from eyelids!
There no more we long or sigh.

What can soothe our heart's sad aching,
When our loved ones sink to rest?
This sweet thought, that they are resting
Lovingly on Jesus' breast.
When the pain of death is over
And we've left this earthly shore,
If we truly love the Savior,
He will keep us evermore.

OUR DEAR, LOST CHRISTINE.

Beautiful Christine—our darling baby,
Loved by all was our little lady:
Gone up to Heaven, now is our girl—
One of God's jewels—a pure white pearl.

Twenty-one years she laughed and sang
Before she crossed to the beautiful land—
Made the house ring with her joyous glee:
How can she be dead? Ah me! Ah me!

When she was dying she gave me a kiss—
This from my life I never can miss;
Said: “That the sweetest of all on the earth
Was the love of the mother, who gave to her birth.”

How often I call: "Christine, can you hear?
Do you see I am crying, do you feel the hot tear?
Can't you come with a message to brighten our home,
Now you have left us here—all alone!"

In memory I see her, just there in her chair,
And I am stroking her black, glossy hair;
Her father is sitting close by her side,
Reading, to please her—his joy and his pride.

Oh, it was dreadful, on that bitter night,
To see our bird flutter, taking her flight;
She never had wandered afar from her home,
And I think that our darling did not go alone.

Here we are erylng, out in the cold,
While darling Christine is safe in the fold;
And O, how we long to see her again—
Full of eternal life, knowing no pain.

Heavenly Father, why is it we part?
Why must death come to break each poor heart?
Must every flower be crushed, to be sweet—
Is there no perfume, except at thy feet?

Why live the thousands that nothing here yield?
Why stand the old stalks still in the field?
Why do the beautiful sieken and die?
Jesus, who once wept, O, tell us why?

"Blest are the pure in heart, God they shall see,"
The Comforter came and spoke thus to me;
But the home nest is empty, the music is o'er,
And our songbird has flown to the Heavenly shore.

MRS. L. CULBERTSON.

BORN: OHIO.

When quite young this lady removed with her parents to Central Illinois, where she was educated and married. Her poems occasionally appear in the periodical press. Mrs. Culbertson now resides in Lincoln, Neb., with her husband and two children.

WHEN LED BY THEE.

Father, whene'er thy hand doth rest
 In blessing on my head,
 Whene'er I know that thou dost lead
 In all the paths I tread;
 When I can feel thy hand clasp mine,
 And hear thy loving voice
 In sweet approval all the while,
 Then doth my soul rejoice.

Life then seems but a pleasant school,
 With lessons rightly conned,
 Each one a stepping-stone to lead
 Up to the heights beyond.
 O may we all such heights achieve
 In this grand, upward race,
 That we may great perfection gain
 In every Christian grace.

E'en here, on some high mount of faith,
 We may obtain in part
 A view of what thou hast in store
 For all the pure in heart.
 And when our lessons all are learned,
 And we have done our best,
 We'll place our hands within thine own,
 And find eternal rest.

EDWARD A. WHITWAN.

BORN: JULY 9, 1845, IN FLINT, MICH.

He served as a private soldier until the close of the war in the fourth regiment Michigan cavalry. He subsequently became an eminent clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and in 1884 was elected president of the Western Reserve Seminary of east Ohio. In 1886 he was elected to the chair of physics and chemistry in McKendree College of Illinois, and later to the presidency. In 1887 he became president of the North Nebraska Normal College.

WAITING FOR JESUS.

Forth on a mission of mercy
Jesus the Saviour was gone,
Over the sea to Gadara,
Healing the legion-cured one;
Back from the conflict returning,
Victor o'er powers of hell,
Thousands were waiting with greeting
Him who their hearts loved so well.

Where human burdens were greatest,
When once His presence was sought,
Patiently doing his bidding,
Joy for each sorrow he brought.
Thus came the multitude thronging—
Long had they waited for him,
Wondering why he thus tarried,
Looking till eyes had grown dim.

Here sat the pale-faced woman—
She of the issue of blood,
She of the nature so timid,
Yearning to meet with her Lord.
Still shrank she back from the others,
Hiding from all her sore need,
Hoping and praying, yet fearing
Jesus her cry would not need.

Fain would she run from His presence,
Dreading rebuke or rebuff—
How could she ever endure it?
Sorrow she had enough.
Faith said, "He surely will heal you;"
Doubt, "Your case he will not treat;"
Need cried, "He must not refuse me,
If so I'll die at his feet."

Daughter of Jairus lay dying,
Beautiful light of his home;
O that the Master might hasten
E'er her pure spirit had flown!

There stands the man and the ruler,
Straining his eyes o'er the sea,
Helpless to succor the dear one—
Waiting for Christ with his plea.

Short grew the breath of the maiden,
Lying so white on her bed;
Soon with a gasp it was ended
And the lovely spirit had fled;
Still stood her father unknowing
Death had the victory won,
Straining his eyes o'er the gloaming,
Waiting for Mary's great son.

Here were the blind, halt and palsied,
Each with his sickness to heal,
Longing, anxiously waiting
Him who their sorrows could feel.
O the great burdens they carried!
Wondering why he came not,
Asking each other so often,
"Will he not pity our lot?"

See yonder groups on the hillside,
Far from the crowd on the beach,
Holding aloof from the others,
Far away out of their reach.
Those are the lepers, the outcasts,
Driven to live in the eaves,
Waiting for death to come slowly,
Or plunging to death in the waves.

Many another was waiting,
Waiting the Master to greet,
Bringing some heart-crushing burden,
With which to fall at his feet.
Many the heartaches that waited
Yonder on Galilee's shore;
Waited, yes, anxiously waited
Him who to cure them had power.

See far out on the billows,
See yonder snow-white sail;
Or is it only a seabird
Dipping its wings in the swell?
No, it is Jesus that's coming,
Bringing a blessing for all;
None who have waited for Jesus
Ever in vain for him call.

He, who knows best his own purpose,
Never too late will draw nigh,
Though, to us waiting, the moments
Seem to drag heavily by;
Lepers shall lose their uncleanness;
Blind men with clearness shall see;
Lame ones shall leap in their gladness;
Death from his presence shall flee.

Jesus is still the same Saviour,
Loving and gentle and true,
Coming each day to our hearthstones,
Coming our joys to renew.
Sometimes he seems long to tarry;
Sometimes we weary become;
But e'er our burdens o'erwhelm us,
If we but trust he will come.

Are you now waiting, my brother,
Trusting your all to his care?
Jesus has gone to his kingdom,
For you a house to prepare;
But he will never forget you,
Though he wait long by the way;
Soon he will come in his beauty,
Bringing the brightness of day.

Your dearest hopes may have perished,
Hopes that were light to your soul,
Leaving the blackness of darkness
Over your spirits to roll;
Jesus, the glorified Saviour,
Can, with his voice of command—
Reaching the depths of that darkness,
Bring the lost hopes to your hand.

JOHN W. ORR.

BORN: ALBIA, IOWA, AUG. 27, 1858.

The poems of Mr. Orr have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. For many years he was foreman in the office of the Daily and Weekly Journal of Superior, Nebraska. Mr. Orr is now sojourning on the coast of California at Redlands. He is a machinist by trade, and has lived in several of the western states from time to time.

TO JOSEPHINE.

Fair image of your little face,
The object of my fond desire;
Where I my image plainly trace,
Awake again the living lyre.

Yes, image of thy former self,
Although to me a stranger grown;
Love buoys along my drooping heart,
Else I should perish here alone.

Though absent from my bosom now!
In other hands to be,
Oh, may the Almighty in his grace,
Be ever kind to thee.

Forever may thy lovely face
Within my memory shine,
And may thy sacred name always
Upon my lips recline.

'Tis said by some that time will heal
Dark disappointment's blows,
But time with me is idle still,
My love with time immortal grows.

Is there a hope beyond this life,
Where sorrow ceases to exist?
Oh yes, or love is but a snare,
For love alone can teach us this.

Hope within me bids me tarry;
Shades recede from rising sun,
Time may cast our lots together,
Then our lives will be as one.

Dark and dreary are the hours,
My heart shall know no other charms,
Till I, with all a father's pleasure,
Fold you in my loving arms.

Now should time deal gently with us,
And place you safely in my care,
Energy shall never waver
To make it pleasant for you there.

Estranged on earth toward each other,
You my daughter, I your sire;
Could I know you soon would perish
In my heart this living fire.

O happy, happy, may you be,
Although my care you cannot know;
This alienated life is sad,
Death can deal no sadder blow.

Now when our races both are over,
May we slumber side by side;
Wherever sleeps this soul of mine,
My love shall there abide.

Should death fall early on thy life,
And take thee off to worlds of bliss:
Thy virtues surely will assist
Me, as I journey on through this.

Adieu, adieu, thus separated,
Ere my plaintive muse is o'er,
Meet me early, tarry with me;
Nothing else can joy restore.

JOSEPH WARREN GARDINER.

BORN: MARCH 2, 1836, IN NORTH KINGSTOWN, R. I.

He studied medicine for two years and subsequently engaged in educational work. He has lived in various states of the Union; has published several newspapers, and was the editor and owner of the *Dixie Optic* of Jefferson, N. C. In 1869 he was admitted to the bar, and has attained success as a lawyer of Brewster, Neb., where he has been prosecuting attorney, and a successful judge. He has served as United States pension agent and has filled various public positions of honor. He has contributed extensively both prose and verse to the periodical press, and many of his poems have been incorporated into standard works.

TRAVELING.

If Adam plodded all on foot,
On earth his wanderings,
Macadam has by far outstript
This mode of leaden wings.

The ancients found the snorting steed,
With wildly streaming mane,
As with strong and polished hoof
He proudly skimmed the plain.

Him soon the lords of earth bestrode—
He minds the curb and rein;
No more with proud and arching neck
He freely scours the plain.

He's bound with many a buckled strap,
And harnessed to the car;
He draws the plow, the rolling wheel,
The chariots of war.

By twos and fours the lumbering coach
O'er weary miles he speeds,
The 'xtended plains and mountain sides
Resound to trampling steeds.

But lo, another steed was found,
With breath of flame and smoke—
To draw the car in swift career
With long untiring stroke:

With belts of iron and brazen straps
He's harnessed to the train,
And with the speed of rushing winds,
He thunders o'er the plain.

From brazen throat of awful strength,
His voice he lifts on high,
Which echoes through the forest aisles
As he goes rushing by.

He works on land, he drags the car,
He hoists, he turns the mill;
Where'er you chain him to the task,
He does it with a will.

He drives the bark with sweeping fire
Across the deep afar;
Propels along the harbor's mouth
The iron dogs of war.

The hand that tamed the snorting steed,
That guides the iron horse,
To work on land, to turn the mill,
Or the great sea to cross:

Can still a greater wonder prove:
That vessels yet may be
To mind the helm and sail in air,
As well as on the sea.

If thou, O man, will build the craft
And guide the courser there,
With pinions strong he'll bear you on,
Cleaving the upper air.

Then flashing over hill and dale
With lightning speed we'll ride,
Mocking the eagle in his flight
Along the mountain side.

OUR CHILDHOOD HOME.

I've wandered north, I've wandered south,
I've traveled east and west,
But, O the scenes of native land—
To me they are the best.

And evermore the heart turns back,
No matter where we roam,
And rests with fond emotion on
Our old, our childhood home.

The gladsome days too swiftly flown,
Without a thought of care;
Were it a mansion or a cot,
Our thoughts still center there.

I knew an old house stout and low,
With frame and plank of oak;
Its nails were hammered at the forge
With many a massive stroke.

With timber hewn to score and line;
With boards from ancient mill;
With quaint pod auger all its holes
Were bored with patient skill.

With hand-wrought mortise, tenon pin,
All sound and standing still,
With chimney chiseled large and square,
Of stone from nearby hill.

Its riven shingles long have gone,
With newer kind replaced;
With siding white and blinds of green,
And modern chimneys graced.

Yet there 't has stood a hundred years,
A hundred winters long,
A hundred springs, a hundred falls,
A hundred summers' song.

'Twas set to front the sunny* south;
'Twas squared by the north star;
My great-grandsire placed its poles
With plumb and line and square.

There stands the pear tree that he set:
My grandsire, sire and I
Enjoyed its shade and ate its fruit,
And climbed its branches high.

My children, too, have done the same!
And I am growing sere—
But still it spreads its leafy arms
And blossoms every year.

The orchard covers all the north,
In winter bald and gray,
With summer shade and autumn fruit,
And sweet with bloom in May.

To northward farther spreads the plain,
Stretching to wildwood tree.
With clover fields and pasture long,
And cattle grazing free.

A pleasant lawn, in front the road,
Goes east and west along;
Beyond to south is hill and dale,
And thickets cheered with song.

Such was my home, such is it now,
Though I am far away;
And children gaily, though not mine,
Are gathered there at play.

Yet 'tis my home, and every nook,
And all its paths and walls,
And every violet bank and rill,
Will live in memory's halls.

Though other men may claim its soil,
Though others own its fee,
My memory holds its picture dear—
'Tis always home to me.

LEROY LEACH.

BORN: BELLEVUE, NEB., JUNE 20, 1871.

Emigrating West at an early age, LeRoy Leach has since been cowboy, ranchman, and is now assistant postmaster at Good Lake, Nebraska. His father, David Leach, was a member of the first State Legislature of Nebraska.

THE BATTLE OF WOUNDED KNEE.

'Twas a crispy winter morning
That Wounded Knee was fought,
That bloody skirmish with the Sioux,
Which was so dearly bought.

It cost the life of Wallace,
Brave captain of troop K.
Of that regiment of renown—
The 7th cavalry.

No thought of war the soldiers had,
That morning, standing grand,
While the little troop went boldly in
To disarm Big-foot's band.

If the soldiers had but noticed,
As grandly there they stand,
That sullen, deadly glitter,
In the eyes of Big-foot's band;

But no warning did the warriors give
As they crouched there on the ground,
Till having searched out all their tents,
The troopers cluster 'round.

When without a sign, a sheet of flame
Bursts from that hostile band;
And many a trooper who proudly stood,
Falls dying in the sand.

For a moment the troops start back in fear,
A moment in terror stand,

Then a flame and roar from carbines sound
Death to Big-foot's band.

The Gatling and Hotchkiss then roared out,
Flame in thunder tone,
And wind-rows of Sioux fell bleeding there,
Dying without a groan.

With a thought of the "Little Big Horn,"
The troopers cut around,
And soon two hundred dying Sioux
Lay there upon the ground.

Then hushed the awful Gatling,
Dead Wallace up they bore;
Then all saw what that victory cost,
Wounded Knee was o'er.

JOHN THOMAS LINDSAY.

BORN: JAN. 8, 1818, IN MCCONNELLSBURG, PA.

For forty-five years the subject of this sketch practiced law in Peoria, Ill. During that time, in connection with R. G. Ingersoll, he built the west end of Peoria and Terre Haute railroad. He was appointed on the McClellan and Seymour tickets as presidential elector, and in the contest between Douglas and Lincoln was on the representative ticket for Douglas. He went to Nebraska with his three sons and started a cattle and sheep ranch in Knox county, naming the place Peoria. He is the author of three novels and numerous poems.

THE DAWN.

Oh, come to me, sweet dawn,
From 'neath shadows of sable winged night;
Step light—with the light step of fawn,
And bring to me day's golden light.

Come, sweet dawn, from realms above,
Drive hence the shadows of night,

So I can give my first sweet kiss to my first-born love,
'Neath the beams of morn's golden light.

Come, serene dawn, from over the sea,
Bring morn's golden light from above;
Let me see the first smile of my first-born love,
That is nestling so sweetly with me.

ANGELUS.

King of day, vanquished, at rest,
Yet his crimson banners still gleam in the west,
Twilight shadows on earth's bosom fell
When came the sweet call of vesper bell.

Homeless wanderer with heart oppressed,
Faint, sick and weary, fain would rest,
In shadows that fall on earth's silent breast;
Yet fainting heart with thanks did swell,
With sweet singing chime of vesper bell.

Humble weaver all day has wrought
With loom and shuttle in lonely cot,
Thankful his heart, yet poor his lot;
At last gleam of light he heard the knell,
Bowed in prayer to vesper bell.

All day long plowman turned furrows afield.
Hoping and trusting for harvest yield;
And the faith of his heart felt all was well,
As he bowed to sweet chime of vesper bell.

The beautiful maiden, so chaste and fair,
Who loved the youth with flaxen hair,
Two hearts in one, reveled in bliss,
When they sealed pure love in betrothal kiss;
Listening, heard the vesper bell,
Bowed in prayer to the solemn knell.

Back to home came prodigal son,
With the sorrows and tears his folly had won;
Keen were his pangs, touched with despair,

But there came the sweet chime floating out on the air,
And sweet cheering peace on fainting heart fell:
It was promise of pardon from vesper bell.

Pale, trembling convict in solitude cell,
From far away, heard the chime of the bell,
Thinking and dreaming of childhood years,
Thinking of mother's love, oft told in smiles and tears;
And ever when twilight darkened his cell,
Tears dim'd the eyes when he heard the sweet knell.

MRS. MINNIE A. NICHOLL.

She is a successful writer of Millersboro, Neb.;
and her poems constantly appear in the local press
of Nebraska.

HYMN TO THE WESTERN PRAIRIES.

Home of the poet's soul! Oh! boundless plains,
And gentle slopes, with flower deck'd verdure clad;
Where wild King Winter in fierce beauty reigns,
Where fair Queen Summer's charms make sad and
glad.

I love thee, Prairie; love thee passing well!
Love thee in gloom of night, in glow of morn;
When wintry winds wail wild old Autumn's knell,
When Spring's sweet breezes sing, the flowers are
born.

Let discontent, in sickly roving, prate
Of ease, soft cushion'd, and of social bands;
Of higher refinement, and of homes of state,
Of grace and culture, in more favor'd lands.

'Mid this wild vastness, thoughts that surge on
thought
In vain would grasp what mind around may trace,
From nature, reigning lone, in state-robes wrought
From beauty, bearing yet creation's grace.

“Who runs may read” God’s name upon the sod,
His signature on leaf, and plant, and flower;
The prairies’ mighty vastness preaches God,
Her untamed wilds are nature’s virgin bower,

Around, above, beneath, anear, afar,
I feel, I hear, I see a Power, a Cause;
A spirit breath, that o’er the mortal bar
Breathes peaceful awe, and all earth’s whispers
pause.

“His meaner works!” majestic, mystic, fair,
Though travel-pangs fell ravage still must show,
Yet gleaming through sun’s dusky veil, declare
The consummation glory’s full-orbed glow.

The birth-blind savage, groping after light,
Hath felt this Power; to it in darkness bowed,
Weak hands, stretched out to grasp an unseen might,
The Spirit of the flood, or storm, or cloud.

And Oh! the soul that love has waked to love,
That light has lightened, though from far-off beams,
What blissful transports here that soul may prove
Tracing the life that from these shadows gleams.

Far from the noise of rumbling city cars,
Far from the busy streets, the jostling mart;
Alone with God, beneath His evening stars,
His presence felt within the peace-filled heart:

Then best I love thee, Prairie, wild and strange,
When nature’s evensong floats calmly round,
And thoughts in farther, fullest flight may range,
Nor find one discord in that pæan’s sound!

WILLIAM B. LYNDS.

He is a successful educator, and for many years superintendent of public instruction of Wheeler county, Neb. He has also been successful in fruit-growing. He has contributed extensively to current

literature on educational topics; and his poems have been published in a volume entitled *Poetical Works*.

BARTLETT.

The earth was clad in robes of gleaming white;
The air was keen with no protection near;
My eyes were partly blinded by the sight,
When first I trod the site of Bartlett here.
It was a lonely walk yet full of cheer,
Because of venture that new life instills.
A single ruin near me did appear,
Yet one that showed me man had trod these hills—
Uncouth and gloomy, yet, like all things human,
thrills.

A year'd departed on its flying way,
When first arose upon the crusted soil
A house of pine, of hope one gentle ray—
That said the records of the men of toil
Must safely here be kept from loss and spoil.
A lonely house, and yet with life it shone,
For soon were others, and the printer's oil
And ink gave voice to paper that made known
That Wheeler's capital is Bartlett on her throne.

So near the center of the county is
The hopeful town, that one e'en gladly feels
That he may claim her growing promise his.
Though three years old now only, she reveals
One fact so plainly which her future seals,
And makes her safe as Wheeler's county seat;
Her court-house charms, and in that charm, appeals
To the admiration of the men who meet
To note its workmanship—its lofty site repeat.

But then how oft a thing divides our zeal
And blunts our judgment, with its selfish touch,
Till we but little heed the common weal.
Bartlett is one of near three thousand such
That safely here defy oppression's clutch,
And bear the name of county capitals.
Let her folks honor freedom wisely much

By emulation, where their duty calls,
And pull together close, that no one darkly falls.

Our union shows one lesson justly thus,
And this applies to public action all;
In worth and wealth there is no overplus
To check town growth however large or small.
Now look! what finer site for capital,
Than Bartlett has, can searching eye survey
The rolling prairies, in their gentle fall,
Extend to valleys rich in grass for hay—
Soil-wealth for miles around foretells her coming day.

So young, so fair, with hopes so clear ahead,
That lesson with a will she should obey.
How can she fail responding to the tread
Of that sure time and meet it on its way?
Her life has promise of more sweet display
Of freedom's joy than Rome on seven hills.
Midway along our country's splendid sway
With all the hope that fervid life instills
To swell her tide of weal, and check annoying ills.

Near fifteen hundred miles from either shore,
And near a thousand from the south and the north
Whose lines surround the land that we adore,
Is youthful Bartlett finely budding forth.
So near the center of such sacred worth,
And on her table land so high and fair,
She should be a queen, if such there is on earth,
As justly handsome as enjoys the care
Of those who cherish right and name of freedom bear.

A hundred years our stellar flag has waved
O'er one united land that lone entwines—
The men unselfish whose devotion saved
This has brightly drawn the line our course defines,
With less of self and more of all it shines,
To have men toil together for the best.
And this is thine, O Bartlett! that inclines
Stronger to see thee crown thy ridge's crest
With honor's purest gem that sways the manly breast.

We gladly live—our millions do the same—

To greet the day that none again shall see,
Whose value is the essence of its fame.

One hundred years ago we were made free—
Another hundred soon begun will be,

And here we are to feel its sacred spell,
That should inspire us to supreme degree,

To make the most of that in which we dwell,
By thought that soul expands, and labors that excel.

Then nobly rise and gird thy armor on,

And let the new enhance thy worth and weal,
And cheer the brilliant old, so nearly gone,

By promise true that does within appeal
To all that's worthy, such as freemen feel.

Then Bartlett, up, unite, and be a light;
Let concord fire, and virtue oil, thy zeal,

And gladden Wheeler with thy charming sight,
That glows in thrift and size, and in thy dealings
right.

EDWIN BELL BRAIN.

BORN: LONDON, MARCH 27, 1853.

In 1872 Mr. Brain went to Lincoln, Nebraska, but a year later moved to Iowa, where he held various offices of trust. In 1886 he returned to Nebraska, with headquarters at Bassett. Mr. Brain is by profession an architect and builder, but now has a stock farm six miles south of Bassett. In 1890 he was elected County Commissioner, and the following year became County Treasurer, receiving re-election to that office in 1893. In 1887 Mr. Brain was married to Miss Melvina P. Leach, and has a family of three children: John Bell, born in 1888; Ollie Beatrice, 1890; and Jessie Laura, born in 1891.

OUR APOLOGY.

In sending this modest display this year

We've tried to do our best,

'Tis our first attempt (please bear this in mind),

For our County is new, and "out West."

You have heard that everything's bad out there;
If it isn't "too cold," it's "too hot."
They tell you of "sand hills," and "blizzards," and
"drought,"
And "hot winds," and gracious knows what.

So this year we thought 'twould be better
To send you down some of our stuff,
For "seeing," you know, is "believing,"
And will show you their talk is all "bluff."

We all feel proud of our products,
As everything planted will grow,
And be as good here as anywhere else,
If we faithfully use the hoe.

For nature seems bound to raise a crop,
As the weeds here grow tall and prolific,
Which is certainly one of the very best signs
From the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Our soil is light and easily worked,
And mud with us a stranger;
"Oh Men," from the Eastern crowded towns,
Come out and be a granger.

For our land is cheap, and covered with hay;
Bring some hogs, and sheep, and cattle,
And make up your mind to work every day,
And soon you will win the battle.

Good schools, and churches, and railroads are here,
('Tis not a fearful "Wild West"),
But a part of this wonderful, beautiful land,
And (this year) by all odds the best.

We've plenty of very fine timber out here,
And plenty of beautiful fruit,
And millions of fish in the lakes, bear in mind,
And plenty of game you can shoot.

There is very fine rock for "foundations,"
 (The best for hundreds of miles);
An abundant supply of good clay for brick,
 And pottery clay for tiles.

In politics also we're up to the times,
 For "Prohibs" are here in their glee;
Some swear by the "Powers," others by "Boyd,"
 And some by the G. O. P.

We've a nice little grist mill on Ash creek,
 But, my dear friends, we ought to have twenty:
For there's Pine creek, and Ash creek, and Sand
 creek, and Rock;
As of power, so of grain there is plenty.

We've a very fine butter and cheese factory here
 (For some like cows better than steers),
And all these improvements have sprung up with us
 In only a very few years.

I wish you could see our sweet "babies,"
 With their dear little heads all curled,
(Their mothers could not spare them);
 But they can't be beat in the world.

Now sometimes we find little sand burs
 That stick in their poor little feet,
But there's sure to be thorns with the roses;
 The contrast, I guess, makes them sweet.

If you take time to look at the things we have sent,
 As specimens out of our field,
Then come out and see us, and we are quite sure
 You'll be very well pleased with our yield.

There's nothing "fixed up" on purpose for show,
 For we've tried to set this example—
Of collecting of farmers only such things
 As we know are a fair and square sample.

These things which are furnished by nature out here,
Are surely a wonderful bounty;
"Dear Friends," what can you do better than come
And help us to build up Rock County.

DR. ABEL R. BEERS.

BORN: EASTON, CONN., 1818.

Dr. Beers is the author of the New National Hymn Sons of Columbia, given below. This poem has been adapted to music and has become very popular throughout the United States. Dr. Beers is the author of a number of poems, and now resides in Crawford, Nebraska.

NEW NATIONAL HYMN SONS OF COLUMBIA.

Ye sons of Columbia, rekindle the fires
Of Union that glowed in the breast of your sires,
When rallied the rights of a nation to save,
Unflinching to duty, true-hearted and brave.

They rose as one man 'gainst England's strong hosts,
And but for their union the field they had lost;
True union and effort, when these we unite,
The foes of our Union are soon put to flight.

All true sons of Union do sadly regret
When opposing clans do a nation beset,
And they know of no way to order and peace
Except by adjustment, and not war, like Greece.

True, true to its honor the Nation should be,
And strive to maintain it by land and by sea,
With no jar of discord or technical strife
By which to endanger our national life.

Now truth like a sunbeam hath parted the cloud,
And lit up the darkness that us did enshroud:
Made plain a dark pathway, and now we all see
That honor and union alone can make free.

LAWRENCE ERLACH.

BORN: AUSTRIA, AUG. 1, 1838.

The subject of this sketch received a liberal classical education, and at the age of nineteen entered the Austrian army. Receiving an honorable discharge as first lieutenant in 1886, he came to the United States. He then took up farming and school teaching, and in 1889 was elected county school superintendent, which position he filled for three years. Mr. Erlach is the author of about two hundred poems. He resides in Hubbard, Nebraska.

VERNAL THOUGHTS.

Bright is the orb of day,
Merry the birds on the spray:
While the kine on the prairie,
And the maid in the dairy,
Each with its reason
Welcome the season.

Glorious Spring! Who would decline
In thee to behold one power divine—
That paints the plain green,
With pencil unseen,
Arraigning Bob's speeches
As sad moral leeches?

Behold that feathery throng,
Chirping your shade trees among:
Take leave from your books,
Step out to the brooks,
Which murmur in glee
Because of being set free.

Well may our time-honored race,
Freed by God's and Washington's grace,
Remember each spring;
Their burden chains clink
And join in the laughter
Of freed rivers hereafter.

CHARLES S. OTIS.

BORN: MADISON Co., N. Y.

When eighteen years of age, Mr. Otis moved to Wisconsin, and attended Beloit College. Although actively engaged in the practice of his profession of law, Mr. Otis has for many years been connected with the press either as editor, contributor, or correspondent, and his poems have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. Mr. Otis resides with his wife and two children in Blue Springs, Nebraska, where he is very popular.

THE MILL OF JUSTICE.

'Tis said "the mills of the gods grind slow,"

But the justice mill is slower.

There's many a litigant never can know

Whether judgment is giv'n to him or his foe;

Tho' the action begun in days long ago,

For long ere the record an ending'll show,

He'll be gone to the other shore.

For the law is burdened with theories old

And loaded with precedents older;

And courts and judges are never so bold

As to dare cut loose from the ancient mold,

The circumlocution that lawyers hold

As alone befitting the legal fold,

To follow a path that's bolder.

Tho' the world in science and art has made

Such wonderful strides of learning,

The law, in the deep old ruts has stayed,

Or backward farther still has strayed,

On the same old anti-progress grade,

Involved in doubt and darkening shade,

Without any signs of turning.

The "bar" will not in the least assist,

Though well they know 'tis needed,

To clear the law of the fog and mist,

Or aid in shortening up the list
Of rules in which the courts persist,
And on their dawdling ways insist,
While justice cries unheeded.

WHEN THE SNOW GIVES UP ITS DEAD.

There'll be wailing, there'll be weeping,
When the snow shall melt away
And the victims in its keeping
Shall be opened to the day.

Where the snows are fiercely flying,
In the valley, on the hill,
On the prairie wide, they're lying,
And beside the frozen rill.

'Neath a pall of white they're sleeping—
Sleeping cold and deep below;
And the wintry wind is heaping
Higher still the drifting snow.

Unmarked their graves are hidden,
In the frozen icy bed—
There to sleep as guests unbidden
Till the snow gives up its dead.

There are tears from sad eyes falling,
Falling fast amid the snow,
For the dead now past recalling
On the frozen ground below.

There are hearts now sadly yearning—
Yearning for the loved and lost,
Who, the fearful tempest spurning,
Sank before its deadly frost.

There are souls that now are praying—
Praying for the coming day,
When heaven the storm clouds staying
Shall melt the snows away:

And to their gaze revealing
Where lies the icy bed,
Which the drifts are now concealing
Till the snow gives up its dead.

DANIEL P. O'SULLIVAN.

BORN: GALENA, ILL., AUG. 25, 1852.

For a number of years Mr. O'Sullivan taught school, and was County Superintendent of Public Instruction one term. His poems occasionally appear in the local press. Mr. O'Sullivan is now engaged in the real estate business at O'Neill, Neb.

A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

O the advice of mother,
How dear and clear to me,
Though many years have gone by,
Yet new it seems to be;
Those words she spoke so kindly
Have been my constant guide;
They were: Now, my boy, be gentle—
Let virtue be your pride.

And wherever you may roam,
Though distant it may be,
Your friends they will be plenty.
If you take advice of me:
Shun the ways of evil;
Respect yourself, my boy,
And God will shower down blessings
On you, my pride and joy.

Your trials they will be many,
So now then do prepare
To meet success or reverses,
In this world of care:
And if fortune she does bless you
With honors and with home,
Yet think of Mother's warning,
And of the world to come.

For earth's treasures are not lasting,
They soon do pass away;
Life is short and death is sure,
And the world is but a day,
Now a good-bye to you, darling,
It fills my heart with pain
To see you going to leave me—
So good-bye once again.

RUTH E. EVERETT.

BORN: LYONS, NEB., MARCH 16, 1873.

After graduating in the High School, Miss Everett attended the State University at Lincoln, and is now engaged in teaching. Miss Everett lived for awhile in Los Angeles, California, but her permanent residence is at Lyons, Nebraska.

THOUGHTFUL ROY.

Two little children—a girl and a boy—
Sat down on the steps one day;
The girl's little face was radiant with joy,
She was thinking of her play.

The boy stood up in a serious mood,
He had not been so before;
"You're a nice sweet girl and I know you're good,
But you make my heart so sore!"

"For when I have sorrows you laugh at me;
That isn't the way to do,
For Nita, you very surely can see
I don't do that way with you."

But Nita laughed. "See the soap-bubbles, Roy,
As they lightly float away!
Let your troubles float off like them, dear boy,
For worrying does not pay."

Now Roy has come to manhood's estate,
But Nita is much the same
As when she made fun of worry and hate;
And she keeps her maiden name.

“Why you’re even dissatisfied with that;”
 She often exclaims to him.
 “Like ‘Darius Green,’ ‘I have brains in my hat,’
 For you I don’t care a pin!”

“Are thoughtful folks ridiculed all their days?”
 I just feel tempted to ask;
 I don’t think thoughtfulness really pays—
 I can’t say I’ve tried the task!

WHAT THEY THINK, I SAY.

“I have to lead the Endeavor—
 It’s something like that forever;
 It seems the committee will never
 Give me a minute’s peace!

“I must hold my place as a teacher,
 I must please the nice young preacher,
 I must sing as loud as “Screecher,”
 Else I’ll surely lose my place!

“It’s no particular use to live—
 The churches think of what I’ll give;
 I have to be drawn clear thro’ the sieve
 That you call ‘Public Opinion.’

“I suppose I’ll have to lead in prayer;
 In the latest style I’ll do my hair,
 Get up and tell about the care
 That a wicked life will lead to.”

THE BACHELOR GIRL.

O, a girl of the period is she—
 The bachelor girl so jolly;
 You should hear her laugh in innocent glee
 When friends refer to her folly.

Some people think all should marry, you know,
 Or happiness is not complete;
 “My folly is this: I’ve lost my last beau!”
 Her words with sarcasm replete.

"O, get you a wheel! Come and ride with me,"
Calls this girl to a married friend.
Her friend says: "My dear, I think you can see,
Useless pleasures for me must end.

"For we can't afford a cycle to buy;
We must save for a rainy day."
The bachelor girl twists her face awry:
"Avariciousness does not pay."

Don't think my bachelor girl has no heart,
You don't do her justice at all;
At the thought of suffering tears will start,
And she's ready at Duty's call.

Papa's hard-earned money she will not spend,
Her energy won't allow that;
She works, and I'm sure she's money to lend,
Her pocket-book never looks flat.

If troubled, this purse is open to you,
Pour out your sore heart in return,
And sympathy, sweet, will affect you, too,
When tears in your eyes you discern.

For this dear good girl once had an "affair,"
Not one but that has had them, you know;
Don't tell it, for maybe my girl would care,
'Twould be wrong to annoy her so.

For sometimes the bachelor girl feels glum,
Her loveship was wrecked on a reef;
Yet she knows an epithalamium
Is a harbinger, oft, of grief.

GEORGE W. LEARNED.

BORN: ESSEX Co., VT., AUG. 20, 1833.

The poems of Mr. Learned have appeared quite extensively in the periodical press. He has held numerous positions of trust, being a Justice of the Peace,

County Commissioner, and Superintendent of the County Agricultural Society. He was married in 1859 to Miss A. L. Boynton, and now resides in University Place, Nebraska.

ARE WE CREATED IN VAIN?

It truly must be well,
Who is wise enough to tell?
We accepted all in love,
And look to Him above.
We look, but not in vain,
As He was for us slain,
To rescue us from Hades,
To live in light in lieu of shades.

It warns me, day by day,
To always watch and pray
To Him who laid life down
That all might wear a crown.

A crown of peace and love—
The symbol is a dove—
It decked the Saviour's head
When from Jordan He was led.

And O, such love as thine
Is truly most divine,
It sits enthroned in bliss;
Changes earth to heaven in this:

Earth would be a dread abode
If from Thy love removed;
Though were it but a day,
Shadows would o'er us stay.

BABY'S VALENTINE.

Come thou, O Muse divine,
Assist me with this valentine;
Thy aid we greatly need
To frame a valentine; O yes, indeed.

Baby laughs, kicks and sings
And does many funny things;
When she's good she's sweet as clover,
When bad she's bad all over.

She's not so very bad after all;
For the baby is small;
She's not to blame you know—
Goodness had not time to grow.

We love the baby still,
Whether she be good or ill;
She's growing better day by day,
Soon goodness will come to stay.

Angels missed one of their band,
Searched diligently o'er sea and land,
Until they found baby here
On this terrestrial sphere.

The angels pause on their way,
Through realms of endless day,
To hover around the baby's bed
And scatter blessings on her head.

Dear little messengers of light
Come again methinks by night;
When they are here the while
Baby will prattle and smile.

They come full well I know;
When they prepare to go
Baby will weep and sigh,
For she wants them ever nigh.

MRS. CORA G. LYLE.

The poems of Mrs. Lyle have been extensively published throughout the United States, and have received favorable mention. She resides in Bennett, Nebraska, where she is well known and greatly admired.

BROKEN CHORDS.

All day long, from morn till night,
 I am waiting—
 And watching,
 For some vanished light.
 All night long, from dusk till dawn,
 I am thinking—
 And dreaming,
 Of something that's gone.

When violets come, with spring's first kiss,
 I am looking—
 And seeking—
 For something I miss.
 When roses bloom sweetly over the lawn,
 I am pining—
 And weeping—
 For something that's gone.

Bitter-sweet berries
 In clusters hang down;
 The maple has donned a ruby crown:
 The swallows we watched
 Are scattered—and gone,
 In wearisome dreariness, time passes on;
 I am longing—
 And yearning.
 My soul's tempest tossed;
 Will it ever return, this something I've lost
 Will the chords be united in melody fair
 By a master hand,
 Some time,
 Somewhere?

MRS. ODESSA F. BROWN.

She resides in Fairbury, Neb., and occasionally
 contributes poems to the local press of Nebraska.

THE TOWER OF STRENGTH.

Strength to the fainting ones,
 Power to the weak;

What could we ask beside?
What promise seek?
Thus in our armor bright,
Soldiers who know not flight;
We walk by faith, not sight,
For "right is right!"
We would now cling to Thee,
Jesus our Lord;
For we are promised help,
In thine own word.
Faith's cable from above,
Hope anchored in God's love;
Our doubts and fears remove,
For "God is love!"

Then let us ever press,
With vigor on:
Ne'er let us say despair,
Till we have won.
This let our watchword be,
Through Him who strengtheneth me,
We will yet live to see
Our state set free.

JOHN CUPP LOWE.

BORN: STELLA, NEB., DEC. 6, 1873.

For awhile Mr. Lowe taught shorthand in a business college in Omaha, in which city he has held stenographic positions with several leading firms. His poems and prose productions have appeared in the western papers from time to time, and have been included in several published collections. Mr. Lowe is now a clerk in the U. S. Circuit Court at Omaha, Nebraska, where he is very popular.

AURORA—NEBRASKA.

Aurora, symbol of the morning's dawn,
Thou matchless city of the fertile plain,
Where once ran deer and sporting, harmless fawn,
But now where rolls a sea of golden grain:

Thou art, indeed, most beautiful! Thy streets
 Are lined with lawns whose sentinels, the trees,
 Like the ambitious soldier when he greets
 His king, obeisantly do meet the breeze.
 Thy churches and thy courts of justice all
 Proclaim a thriving city that will grow
 To far exceed thy hopes. We'll hear the call,
 When thy proud name shall through the nations go:
 "Ye men who rove to seek a better home,
 Need never farther than Aurora roam.

BE A MAN.

Thou art embarked on that ill-tempered sea
 Which wise men call uncertainty,
 Where thou can'st not see breakers that may be
 To hurl thee to eternity.
 Then let Ambition be thy motive power,
 To battle with the angry wave;
 And at the helm let Truth stand every hour,
 To guard thee from a wat'ry grave.

And at thy strong search-light have Honesty;
 Then from the paths where shipwrecks ran,
 Thou can'st sail far, and from the storms be free,
 For thou can'st name thy ship "a Man."

MRS. LIZZIE VAN BURGH.

BORN: SEPT. 29, 1859, IN BERNALOTTE, ILL.

She is a writer of Holbrook, Neb., and the author of a volume of poems. Her poems have for many years appeared in the leading publications of Nebraska.

MY SNOWFLAKE.

Who is it always comes to meet me,
 Whose soft gray eyes look up to greet me?
 My Snowflake.

Who is it jumps into my lap,
 And coaxes for a loving pat?
 My Snowflake.

Who is it climbs into my bed,
And lies down right upon my head?
My Snowflake.

Who, cold nights, nestles at my feet,
And purrs and sings till I'm asleep?
My Snowflake.

Who wears a coat as white as milk,
And soft and slick as shining silk?
My Snowflake.

Who is it that I love the best,
Of all the cats both East and West?
My Snowflake.

UNDER THE SNOW.

Under the snow all the roses now lie:
We watched the sweet blossoms all wither and die;
Beautiful flowers so fragrant and sweet,
Why was your life here so lovely but fleet?
But we know, with the summer sunshine and rain,
You will come back to us once again.

Under the snow a dear little grave
Is guarding the treasure that Death to it gave:
A little white casket is hiding so deep—
Dear little Bessie, O so fast asleep.
The casket lies under the beautiful snow,
But Jesus has taken the Jewel, we know.

Under the snow lies the tears that were shed,
Bending so sorrowfully over the dead,
As back to the earth all bright hopes we gave,
Hidden so deep by the dust of the grave;
Dear little Bessie, "the light of the home,"
Taken so early, leaving darkness and gloom.

Under the snow, O so pure and so white,
Dear blue-eyed Bessie is sleeping to-night;
But her spirit we know that the dear Saviour gave,
Is now up in Heaven, beyond the dark grave.

She is waiting and calling her loved ones, we know,
To meet her in Heaven, pure as beautiful snow.
Under the snow, beautiful snow,
 We laid little Bessie, so pure and white;
Under the snow, beautiful snow,
 Only the casket is resting to-night.

OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

A nation mourns to-day
 Our martyred President;
A nation not alone—
 The whole world bows,
In homage to our grief,
 Our martyred President.
No monarch, king or emperor, he;
Only a simple man, who loved simplicity;
 Our martyred President,
 McKinley.

And yet God made him great,
 Our martyred President;
With heart as pure and true,
 As ever beat within
The bosom of a child:
 Our martyred President;
A coward's hand the bullet sped,
That laid him with the sacred dead;
 Our martyred President,
 McKinley.

No crown adorned his brow,
 Our martyred President;
Save God's own seal,
 Of noble manhood great,
How great our nation knows,
 Our martyred President;
Ohio bows once more her head,
To greet the honored, murdered dead,
 Our martyred President,
 McKinley.
A blot rests on our land to-day,
 Our martyred President;

Three stars upon our flag,
 Stained by a traitor's hand,
The flag for which they fought;
 Our martyred Presidents.
"Nearer My God to Thee" to-night,
He murmured ere his soul took flight,
 Our martyred President,
 McKinley.

Well may the nation mourn
 Our martyred President;
"Lead Kindly Light," and cheer
 Our nation's widow now,
The heart he cherished true,
 Our martyred President.
A man who honors first his God
 Then mother, home, and wife,
Will guard his country's honor with his life.
 Such was—Our martyred President
 McKinley.

GRACE S. BURGESS.

BORN: HENRY CO., ILL.

This lady for awhile taught school, and for a number of years was prominently engaged in temperance work. Mrs. Burgess is the author of about two hundred poems, which have appeared in some of the leading publications of America. She resides in Harrisburg, Nebraska, with her husband, Curtis L. Burgess, the well-known editor and publisher of the Banner County News.

INVENTION.

A dream, a lingering one,
That lasts into the waking;
 A restless sense
Of something possible undone;
 Desire intense
To fathom it, unslaking,
Even at command of will,
 Defiant still!

Burn'd deep in heart and brain,
Like fever leaping in every vein.
Expressed a thought
In strange, unletter'd penciling,
An idea wrought
Into a funny, curious thing—
A perfect oddity!
Without identity!
A shape which none may understand,
Save he, whose impulse it had planned;
A world to laugh,
To scoff in its attention,
Discourage, quaff,
Then praise—this is invention!

POWER OF THE SPIRIT.

“The spirit roveeth free,” some say,
Like a swift-flying bird,
No height is measured in its way,
Nor distant space unstirr'd:
All limitless, has power and sway,
Unbounded liberties ineurr'd.

And some deny; some say it feeds
On love, while loveless body cries;
It soars and answers all its needs
While body prostrate lies;
It lives, and for us intercedes,
When failing body dies.

I only know my spirit knows
A thousand joys to body one;
Has walk'd the dew and press'd the rose,
Has gathered sweets in clime and zone,
Whose breath and breeze ne'er sapp'd the woes
Of body in its march alone.

Then when rough waves are breasted, pass'd,
My spirit rises from the storm,
And breaks ahead of every blast,
To smile from sunlit day and warm;
While, underneath the shadow east,
My body crawls as any worm.

Eternal must it be, since force
Nor earthly weight may hold or crush;
Forever must it live, since course
Untrammel'd is and pulse and flush;
High, infinite its unseen source,
Since naught its voice may quell or hush.

THOUGHT AND DREAM.

O straying thought, why wingest thou
To haunts unbidden?
O dream, unreal and mystical,
Thy key is hidden!
Ah, thought and dream, thou takest me
Beyond the mountain top and snow,
To gentle rivers winding free
Where valleys smile and warm winds blow.

Born to the struggle, faced toward the strife,
The front of battle;
Ordered to bear the brunt of rugged life
'Midst clang and rattle.
Why ledest thou, companions two,
Into the quiet ways of peace,
Thy servant, armor'd, ready, who
From conflict prays no hour's release?

Is there a part of some great plan
Which thou fulfillest?
A truce no power of mind may scan
That thou willest?
Art thou from Him—sweet messengers
Bearing for higher destiny—
To sooth the soul when tempest stirs
And flashes tumult 'thwart its skies?

DIED IN HARNESS.

Died in the harness, work-horse Ned;
Just as all thought he would die, they said.
Twenty years old, stiff, gaunt and spare,
The frame that paused by the wayside there.

Died in the harness, work-horse Ned,
 Where leads the slope to stable-shed;
 Pet of the children, friend of all—
 His end was so like a hero's fall!

Died in the harness, work-horse Ned;
 Never an unwilling step, or dread
 Of heavy burden or weary way;
 Always in eagerness to obey.

Died in the harness, work-horse Ned;
 Never an unwilling step, or dread
 Of heavy burden or weary way;
 Always in eagerness to obey.

Died in the harness, work-horse Ned;
 A falter, halt a quiver and—dead!
 For his many days of faithfulness
 We pat his neck with fond caress.

* * * * *

Died in the harness—so may I,
 When death-time comes, in armor die:
 Unfailing in service be, till run
 My race of life, and set life's sun.

ELMER E. BLACKMAN.

BORN: DAVENPORT, IOWA, AUG. 16, 1862.

For thirteen years Mr. Blackman has been a teacher and is well and favorably known in the educational world. He is the author of nearly one hundred poems, three of which are quite long. Mr. Blackman resides on Raymond, Nebraska, where he is very popular.

A PREFACE.

There's many a wound that's hidden 'neath a smile;
 There's many a thrust that's given unawares:
 Among the richest grain we find some chaff—
 Each joy continues but a little while.

Each day will bring some burden or some care,
Each day will give our minds a wider range;
But yet there's one thing that can never change,
That is true friendship, which we find is rare.

THE WEST.

The West—

Vibrating o'er this nation's broad domain,
We hear and realize that to the West
We owe a share of this great nation's fame,
And send from thence the noblest and the best
To swell the glorious name.

The West—

With matchless strides it hastens to the front,
And braves the phalanx of an older land:
Its language is concise and plainly blunt—
More rounded than the model eastern strand:
Hail westward to the front.

Hurrah—

Let poets sing New England's dying song,
Let Eastern men extol her mountain scene;
But harken as voluptuous swells along
The praises of pure air and boundless green—
In one melodious song.

The West—

The promises are written with a hand
Made firm by hardships conquered as they came:
Thy glory is not written in the sand—
The surf of time will not erase thy name—
Nor foes o'ercome thy band.

The West—

Where brawny farmer tills the quickening soil;
Where honest labor wins a recompense;
Where adverse winds will ever fail to foil
A genius backed by honest common sense—
Where wealth is made by toil.

EMMET M. WHITE.

BORN: PIKE CO., MO., OCT. 27, 1864.

After completing his education, Mr. White learned the printer's trade and has been engaged on the best western dailies. For two years he was publisher of the Marshall County Democrat, of Marysville, Kansas. Mr. White is a constant correspondent for several publications, and his poems occasionally appear in the press. He is now a resident of Valley, Nebraska.

MY MOTHER, O MY MOTHER.

'Twas in early times, as you may see,
The Indians were the majority;
I see her as then, this very night,
As her face would change from joy to fright.

It's been—ah! many years ago,
When she rocked me gently to and fro;
She said so softly with gentle voice,
“Father, have mercy, hear my prayer.”

I looked into her face; she smiled
And said: “Have mercy on my child.”
She held me closer with her hand
And sang, “On Jordan's bank I stand.”

She sang, oft sadly, o'er and o'er,
“I'm going home to die no more.”
This to me was my happiest day,
When I had no sins to wash away.

She would call us to her; we were three;
And teach us of God in heaven free;
She's done her part and she sings as of yore,
“I'm going home to die no more.”

FRANCES E. MOON.

BORN : ST. JOSEPH CO., IND., APRIL 9, 1875.

This young lady has received a good education and at her graduation delivered an oration that was highly commendable. Miss Moon resides in Nebraska, at Schuyler, where she is engaged in photographic work.

OUR FLAG.

Our country's flag now in bright array,
Emblem of freedom indeed to-day,
Has not always held such perfect sway,
But it inspires us in peace or fray.

The bright stars and stripes we love so well
Could many secrets of sorrow tell :
Of pain that was borne, heroes that fell,
If their silence deep could break the spell.

Under this banner our fathers stood,
Followed by many a brotherhood ;
Fought in snow, with scant clothing and food,
For the dear old flag shedding their blood.

And then in the days of sixty-one,
When the war to extend slavery was begun,
Our flag was shot at by rebel gun,
And was held by Major Anderson.

Our flag was often tattered and torn
And weather-beaten, blood-stained and worn ;
Yet dear to those who the fight had borne—
For those that are dead we still do mourn.

Each old, dusty, wrinkled, crimson fold
A sad, melancholy tale has told,
Of those soldiers and brave men so bold
Who now lie in the grave mute and cold.

Did I say only a tattered rag ?
It has been placed on the highest crag
And stands for freedom without a brag—
This star-spangled American flag.

It means more by far than that to men
Who fought for it again and again:
It means to them the rallying gem
To call them from mart and field and pen.

One look makes them think of all that's dear,
And nerves their arms to fight without fear;
When one bearer falls, without a tear
Another takes it up with a cheer:

And bears it over the ramparts bold,
Placing the standard where bullets rolled;
Thinking more of victory than of gold,
Thereby gaining fame that can't be told.

All foreign foes it has triumphed o'er
As well as internal ones, and more:
It has brought the downtrodden and poor
From every land to our very door.

Where'er you see it wave it says, "Come
To the freest land under the sun";
Wherever we see it as we roam
We think of our native land and home.

MRS. ELVIRA J. YOUNG.

BORN: CANADA, MAY 1, 1843.

This lady received a good education and was married very early in life. Her poems occasionally appear in the local press. Mrs. Young resides with her husband and children in Columbus, Nebraska.

CHANGED HER MIND.

Now, sister, you really can't mean it,
(Dear, bless me, just hand me my fan.)
That you, ten years younger than I am,
Would promise to marry a man.

To think after all of my warnings!
Though old maids seem under a ban:
Yet I'd rather be one all my lifetime
Than ever be bound to a man.

But you've never tried housekeeping,
Nor had to worry and plan;
Been teased by a parcel of children
And ruled over by a man.

And Abby, they're all so deceiving,
To trust them you never can;
Thank the Lord! I've never been tempted
To join hands with any man.

And I never will—what is that, Abby?
Deacon Smith at the door, did you say?
I wonder now what 'tis that man wants,
Coming here at this time of day!

Wants to see me alone in the parlor!
Why, Abby, is that what he said?
O my! I'm all in flutter—
I feel just like losing my head.

Yes, Abby, the deacon has asked me
To be his companion through life,
And I told him I'd do my endeavor
To make him a kind, faithful wife.

I thought of his ten orphan children,
All needing a mother, you know;
And when I'd considered it over
I thought 'twould be a sin to say No!

MRS. MARY HOFFMAN.

BORN: ELMIRA, N. Y., FEB. 22, 1848.

This lady studied and practiced medicine in Chicago for several years. In 1831 she went to Nebraska and continued the practice of homeopathy until 1884

at Newman Grove, Nebraska, where she now resides. Mrs. Hoffman was married in 1865 to C. A. Hoffman and has one son and two daughters.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

With tender tints of purest white and gold
 They bloom away when other flowers fade:
 And when the regal autumn sweeps away,
 'Neath stormy wind songs, ere the wintry shade,
 Then all alone these flowers bloom softly on
 With pale fringed petals drooping low with love,
 And on their gleaming hearts they deny stars
 As pearly tokens from the heaven above.

Ah, pluck them not amid the shadows long,
 But let them blossom through the wintry days;
 Sweet, pure, white flowers that seem to breathe of
 sleep,
 Of rest at last upon life's storm-swept way.
 And through the gloom their message softly spreads
 Of faith undying and of love's great peace,
 That dawns amid the even tide of life—
 A crown of glory when all troubles cease.

VICTORIA E. DAVIS.

BORN: FLOYD, IOWA, JUNE 2, 1869.

Since 1885 Miss Davis has been a school teacher and resides in Hartington, Nebraska. Her poems occasionally appear in the local press.

NOVEMBER.

The cold rain was falling,
 The north wind blew strong,
 When a swarm of blithe singers
 Came flying along.
 They flew toward the south—
 I knew what it meant,
 For this they said,
 In their song as they went.

“The cold rain is falling,
The north wind is strong,
The ground will be white
With snow before long.
The skies look so cold,
So dismal and gray,
That we little birds
Must be flying away.”

I knew that we'd miss them,
But the north wind blew strong,
And the birds sang gaily
Their farewell song.
The notes floated off
And died on the breeze,
As it sang o'er the prairie
And moaned through the trees.

The cold rain fell fast,
The north wind blew strong,
The white drifts of snow
Were piled before long.
The whole world seemed dark
And gloomy and gray,
For all of the song-birds
Had flown far away.

The cold snow fell fast,
The north wind blew strong,
The merry song-birds
Had vanished and gone.
Our home left so dreary,
I could well realize
The amount of our sunshine
The birdies comprise.

THE SNOWFLAKES.

O, how very, very lovely,
O, how very, very fair,
Are the little feathery snowflakes
That come floating through the air.

They remind us much of heaven,
Of the angels pure and white—
Robe for us our land with beauty,
Fill our hearts with such delight.

O, how very, very fickle,
O, how very, very sly.
Are the feathery little snowflakes
That come falling from the sky.

They remind us of earthly pleasures,
For they melt and slip away;
But the treasures stored in heaven
Eternity can not decay.

MRS. ELIZABETH ESSEX.

BORN: CHICAGO, ILL., JAN. 19, 1860.

In her youth this lady traveled extensively on sea and land and has visited many countries. For a while she taught school and in 1884 was married to William Henry Essex, the present sheriff of Sheridan County, Nebraska, where she resides with her husband and three children at Rushville.

A WESTERN SCENE.

Paint for me a picture, one that will last,
Naming it "Scenes Out West in the Past,"
For I would give a great deal to own
A scene like this when I have older grown.
Take your brush with time and be at ease,
For perhaps, patient artist, I am hard to please;
Outline for my home a government claim,
Placing patch of broken sod on the same;
Then a dugout or house made of sod or logs;
In a pen not close by, scrawny pigs—not hogs;
Fattening hogs in those days would never do,
Price of corn being high and the dollars few.

Then sod stable for ox, mule or blind horse—
Regular farmers must have a team, of course.

Stop for a moment! Not prosperity just now—
Rub out where you started to paint that cow;
For none of us ever will appreciate flowing milk,
When we can afford dainties and dress in silk;
But, instead, you may paint a barrel and old hen,
For I think we did afford one or two of them.
For that curbing no extra paint need you keep—
All required is to make the well look deep;
A pile of dirt will show the hidden cave—
Some had none, for time we had to save.
Do not mind trying to paint a woodshed,
For one load is all we generally got ahead.

Now paint the farmer viewing his potatoes and corn;
Need not mind putting on a look so forlorn,
Nor his clothes homespun if you please:
They were nice, though now patched at elbow and knees.

Curiosity is often as strong as pride;
Open that cabin door, we will look inside:
Its walls will show ignorance we did not choose;
They are neatly covered with papers of choicest news.
You have heard "Necessity is the mother of invention,"

That box for a table is not an extension,
And the carpet, though plain, for comfort is meant—
In days gone by it served as a tent.
Then comes chairs—you can paint one or two,
In extra need, a box or keg will do.

Yes, there stands the stove, so plain it seems,
While gazing I smell boiling the pork and beans;
Another box for cupboard, few boards for bedstead;
Then I think enough for the house has been said.
Just wait! In this house a woman must dwell,
Trinkets to beautify, she would have you know very well.

No Bible! you can always tell Christian's home I believe:

See the wife's bowed head, for sin she must grieve.
There! kneeling by bedside on the pretty rug,

Is she in prayer? No, hunting poor bedbug
That stood by her better than the rest—
It did not bid farewell, but followed the west.
But, my artist, do not call her ungrateful just yet—
She saw deception, while true friends we often forget.

So your work is finished, my artist, you say,
And suppose you are ready for criticism, praise, or
pay.

Leaving to my judgment, your work looks very nice,
While conscience will not allow complaint at the
price;

But somehow this picture does not look just right—
Ah! I see there are no children in sight.
You know, we never could call this a home
With only a man and wife living all alone.
How many, did you say? I think about four—
No less, if you please, and guess no more—
Number alike; boys are better for the farmer's life.
What is a farm without the farmer's wife?

Children playing on the sand-pile suits me best,
Bright eyes and rosy cheeks answer for the west.
Paint the girls making pies, they are domestic, you
know.

Brave little fellow acting as surgeon for his toe,
Young preacher stands by with his hands behind his
back,

Advising him to skip the cactus in his track.
No healthy boy gives a mother's fingers much ease,
So out of those pantaloons show the tanned knees.
I'll not worry at the black ones in sight
Should I ever see those knees cold and white;
Nor at dirty dress covering the pure little maid,
Should it be exchanged for satin while virtue strayed.
While you are painting, a smile I can see—
Anxious parent, you think—you a father cannot be.

A poor settler's claim shows only what is needed,
So in trying to please me you have succeeded,
Though the canvass does not show joy or fears;

The heart has them stamped for the coming years.
This picture them to our memory will bring,
When perhaps poverty has lost its bitter sting,
Even now it brings a shadow as we look ahead,
Those faces will soon be counted among the dead.
Joy has its time, it does not stand aside:
At this scene loving eyes may gaze with pride,
While fond lips will say, "Though gone to rest,
Missing one, through hardships you did your best."

To be sure, in time some one will say
That picture is unnatural, we never started that way.
Perhaps not. But that our ideas does not suit:
Old settlers remember fat pocketbooks seeking specu-
lation's route.

Lucky ones double their money in a short time,
And with fortune went back on the same line;
Few that lost here had the heart to stay,
So, disgusted out west, trudged back the same way.
For friendship we never render our thanks
To vain ones denying ever belonging to our ranks.
In the future where shall we this scene find
Ever ready to bring its own story to mind?
In no parlor, though highly prized it should be,
But in a cosy sitting-room, where all can see
When, after fasting, we are ready for the feast,
Perhaps we will see a friend from the East.
Should he remark: Fortune gave you a lucky call,
We can point to that scene on the wall
As we say, "A little grit, that was all."

CHARLES LINCOLN MCGUIRE.

BORN: JUNE 14, 1867, IN SWEET SPRINGS, MO.

He received a thorough education and has attained success in educational work. He has been principal of several large schools in Nebraska and Michigan. He is the author of a number of very fine poems and contributes to current literature on various subjects.

ANNA BELLE.

You are married, sister mine,
So you tell me, I opine:
You expected a chastisement,
Since you did withhold apprisement,
When you should have sent advisement
Of your future plan and home—
But your future is your own.

Since your future must combine
All your hopes and fears in mine,
All your life, as you must live it,
I feel sure I should give it
Hearty cheer. So, here you have it:
May thy future prove to be
Evermore a joy to thee.

Elder sister, who has lent
Life for home-folks' betterment,
Cannot carry my resentment
To her home to mar contentment,
Lest I lend lifelong relentment—
I would rather be in line
With the choice of sister mine.

She has all the life to live
And what pleasure I can give:
I would add to pleasure sweeter,
I would make it cuter, neater,
I would make the joy completer
For the married Anna Belle—
Aye, she knows I wish her well.

NELLIE HAWKS.

This lady is well known as a prose writer and poet and her work always receives favorable comment. She resides at Friend, Nebraska. The poem "Bethrothal" has been widely copied by the periodical press throughout America.

MY FATHER.

Poets have written, and the whole world sung,
In every clime, and in every tongue,
Of the fond, true love of a mother.
Child lips have praised her, artists have painted,
Madonna-like, her sweet face sainted,
But the while they've forgotten another.

Another, whose love above rubies and gold,
Another, whose love lore hath never been told—
Hast forgotten that father of thine?
So faithful and loving, so brave, good and true;
I would not withhold the love justly thy due:
Noble-hearted, precious father of mine.

Thy beautiful eyes, looking down upon all
From thy honored place just beyond, on the wall—
Still, blue eyes, lovelit and mild,
That tell me the story of love often told:
That story of father-love, never grown old,
Precious words to the heart of the child.

AARON W. CHASE.

BORN: JAN. 19, 1841, IN ST. LAWRENCE Co., N. Y.

He served through the war in Company I, Eighth Illinois Cavalry; became first lieutenant and was severely wounded. He has been school director, justice of the peace and treasurer of Fillmore County, Nebraska.

THE SONG OF THE SOUL.

I've listened to songs of sweet music,
To the carol of birds, soft and shrill;
To the roar and the splash of the ocean,
And the murmuring song of the rill.

Sweet voices and instruments blending,
Lovely chants of sweet maidens I've heard;
And oft-times the soul of the singer
Seems inspired by the trill of a bird.

How varied the songs sung by nature,
As they babble and twitter and roll;
Now sad, and then cheerful and happy,
But divine is the song of the soul.

How sweet is the croon of the mother:
Hear her lisp to her darling the songs
Which quiets child on her bosom,
And its sleep, so angelic, prolongs.

In fancy I hear angel voices
And the rustle of soft, downing wings;
The melody floats away starward,
So celestial the songs that she sings!

Stars twinkle, and sing of forever—
Shining out from eternity's scroll;
Forever and ever, and ever
Sings the love-greeting song of the soul!

The sequel is hinted and hidden,
Our best thoughts are directed above;
The glory that crowns the revealing
Twines two souls in one circle of love.

CYNTHIA ANN BECKER.

BORN: BURTONVILLE, N. Y., SEPT. 8, 1870.

For several terms Miss Becker taught school and is now a resident in the State University. She is a prominent member of the W. C. T. U.

NEAL DOW.

Some forty years ago, 'tis said,
'Twas part of God's great plan,
That beast should in the gutter lay
And call himself a man;
That licensed grogshops here and there
Should stand in all their might,
And turn the feet of mortal man
From paths of truth and right.

It was, 'tis said, a plan of God
That men should beat their wives,
And children cry for daily bread,
To save their tender lives;
It was ordained, in heaven above,
That man should grasp the plow,
And toil and toil, for daily grog,
By the sweat of his manly brow.

'Twas also true in former years,
The negro had no soul;
Aimless he worked, from morn to night,
Without a shining goal.
No prospects for the future
Illumined a hopeful face;
Only the whiplash of the master
Increased his lagging pace.

The husband from the wife was torn
By heaven's high decree,
And mother dwelt no more with child
In sweet tranquility.
The evidence of the love of God,
Through such a fearful plan,
Seemed rather doubtful to the mind
Of a certain daring man.

He thought, 'tis true, that God has made
The earth to yield its ore;
But shall we forge it into chains
To bind our brothers poor?
The God of love bestows on us
Rich fields of waving grain,
But shall we use the garnered sheaves
To cloud our brother's brain?

He proclaimed the sin of binding
The man with galling chains,
Who, created in God's image,
Had roamed the Afric' plains;
He denounced the curse more lasting,
That rests on black and white,

And leaves on them where'er it goes
Its dark and fearful blight.

They told him rum was healthful,
With its flashing foam so fair;
He gazed on the face of the drunkard,
No health was lurking there.
They said to prohibit the traffic
Would ruin our whole broad land;
That without the sale of liquor
Our commerce couldn't stand.

He visited the home of the drunkard,
But saw no signs of trade;
An empty larder denoted
No purchases recently made,
Save alone bottle of liquor,
That stood on a shelf near by;
Scarce an article of commerce
In that drunkard's home did he spy.

That earnest man stood and pondered
At the thought that men should say:
To prohibit the sale of liquor
Would injure our commerce straightway.
'Twould injure the commerce of grogshops—
That, any sane man would say—
But would it drive clothing and food
From the homes of the people away?

No, no! For that bottle of liquor
That stood in the home so bare,
Would be clothing and food for the children,
Enough and plenty to spare.
He resolved that to the rum king
This land no more should bow,
And thus he won the hearts of men,
The sturdy, brave Neal Dow.

The blinded people could not see
What he in wisdom saw,
But we shall e'er preserve his name

In the record of Maine's great law.
Through the lapse of forty-three years
This growing cause has spread,
Until it 'round the whole wide world
Has on its mission sped.

Now in the year of ninety-four,
This hero in the strife,
With pleasure looks o'er ninety years,
An earnest, well spent life.
We now with joy commemorate
The day that gave him birth.
He still lives on, in ripe old age,
An honored one on earth.

No honors sought he from mankind,
But lived, that in God's sight,
A nobler hero he might stand
In battle for the right.
They tell us that great evils now
Society assails,
But with such men as Neal Dow
Right shall at last prevail.

Though sinful human nature
In erring paths has trod,
An undercurrent deep and strong
Shall save this land to God.
As a frail, weak human being,
Man cannot hope that he
With all his earthly fetters
From sin shall e'er be free.

But when roused to every action,
He may do much to free
The world from foul corruption
And give it liberty.
He who thinks the effort futile
Prevailing wrongs to right,
Should learn a lesson from this man
Whose deeds we laud to-night.

This man who in the fiercest conflicts,
 'Twixt warring wrong and right,
Has ever stood unflinchingly
 A hero in the fight.
In old age he now rejoices
 That in righteous paths he trod,
And only waits the summons
 That shall call him home to God.

REV. HENRY. BERRY.

BORN: FULTON CO., ILL., FEB. 8, 1832.

For sixteen years Mr. Berry taught school. He next engaged in the mercantile business and now has a farm in Cozad, Nebraska. He was married in 1857 to Miss C. A. Wildermuth and has quite a family of children. Mr. Berry is the author of about one hundred poems, which occasionally appear in the local press.

RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

There is a parable of old,
 Which I will now rehearse,
And try its duties to unfold
 By putting it in verse.

'Tis of a man who had two sons,
 Both blithe and young and gay,
Who used to work upon the farm
 And thought it was but play.

The youngest son got tired of home
 And wanted to be free—
To roam the world in quiet ease
 And find good company.

He asked his father to divide
 The cash between the sons,
Giving to each his portion fare
 For all that they had done.

Soon after this the youngest son
Unto his father said:
Father, I'll take my part and go,
And hope you'll not be sad.

So to a far-off land he went,
A stranger among the strange,
Where all his money soon was spent,
And to poverty he came.

He now hires out to feed the swine,
For a citizen of that place,
And to keep himself alive
He seeks a servant's place.

The famine now began to rage
And he was sore in need,
His clothing was reduced to rags
And no man did him feed.

And now he just came to himself,
And thus began to say:
There is bread enough in father's house,
I wish I was there to-day.

I will arise and go there now
And fall before his face;
I'll tell him I've unworthy been,
I'll seek a servant's place.

The father saw him coming back,
He ran, he leaped, he smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

My son was lost, but now is found,
The father joyful said;
For whom I've mourned for many years
And thought that he was dead.

Bring forth the robe, the best white robe,
The father gives command;

Dress him in garments white and clean,
Put rings upon his hand.

Now let us kill the fatted calf
And merry let us be,
Because my son that long was lost
Has now returned to me.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

We have a glorious nation,
We extol our noble station—
Here in our celebration
We'll sing a freedom song,
While Europe's in commotion,
And evils in proportion,
And every selfish notion,
To that people belong.

We are children of this nation,
Fair Columbia is our station,
And the Bible's our foundation,
In this free and happy land.
We have pilgrim fathers,
And have Christian mothers.
Like a band of brothers
We're united heart and hand.

We behold with admiration
Our glorious declaration,
And we fear no usurpation—
We're a firm united band.
And there's none can sever,
Native hearts, no never;
We are one forever,
And on freedom's rock we stand.

We love not bloody fighting,
Which wicked men delight in;
Our watchword is salvation
To all the world around.
Salvation and freedom
To our happy people:
May they ever be fighting
For an immortal crown.

JULIUS B. JOHNSON.

BORN : ELMWOOD, ILL., APRIL 10, 1839.

In 1860 Mr. Johnson settled in Nebraska, in which state he still resides at Johnson. He was married in 1870 to Miss Minerva Brown, and has had four children. Mr. Brown is an orchardist, and also post-master. His poems occasionally appear in the local press.

THE OLD VIOLIN.

Summer birds sweetly singing,
Through the branches come and go;
Summer dew's glint and glisten,
Summer winds whisper low;
Morning suns kiss the tree tops,
Evening red its banners fling
O'er the wood where I lived silent,
Though now in death I sing.

Winter storms coldly blowing
O'er the hilltops rushing wild;
Winter snows swiftly falling,
In the valleys rudely piled;
Ice encrusts each rugged bough;
Tight the icy fetters cling
In the wood where I lived silent,
Though now in death I sing.

Tender mem'ries stir the heart,
As sweetly sounds the violin
On which the gentle maiden
Lightly lays her dimpled chin;
Magic bow in rhythm gliding,
Cunning fingers press the strings,
And the wood, in life long silent,
In death divinely sings.

Responsive to the master's touch,
What heavenly strain its joys declare;
Imprison'd long, set free at last,
A crash of sweetness rends the air.

As the strident bow with vigor sweepeth,
O'er tensely vibrant, shuddering strings
The wood in life enforcedly silent,
Released by death, triumphantly sings.

W. F. BUTTON.

BORN : MORRIS, ILL., MARCH 31, 1868.

The poems of Mr. Button appear quite frequently in the periodical press and have received favorable comment from the press and public. He is a resident of Hastings, Nebraska, where he is engaged in the active practice of law. He has resided in Nebraska since 1888, and there attended Hastings College, graduating from the academic department in 1892.

THE LIQUOR DEALER AND CONSUMER.

There is a great difference between the man who sells
rum
And the man who, by drinking, to sorrow has come;
The dealer wears broadcloth, has riches untold,
While the drinker has naught, but is ragged and old.

The dealer has mansions that are grand to behold,
While the drunkard has none, no matter how old;
Though the dealer has wealth, on his hands there are
stains,
For his riches are naught but ill-gotten gains.

Walk down in the morn to the licensed saloon,
See the crowds that are going and coming till noon;
The rich and the poor, the low and the great,
Each all drink alike that which seals their sad fate.

Then go to the home of the dealer who sells
This damnable stuff that destruction foretells,
And you will find his house kept on the most im-
proved plan
And his wife dressed in silks, for she has means so
she can.

Now turn through the alley, upon the back street,
To the cot of the drunkard. Ah! there you will meet
The wife, that by sorrow and shame is cast down,
Through the influence of drink in a high license
town.

Do you believe for a moment that the dealer once
thinks
Of the shame and the sorrow he sells with the drinks?
Of the children made orphans, of the wives that but
moan,
Of the time that will come when he shall go home?

For the time will soon come when the dealer must
sail
O'er the river of death, through the storm and the
gale;
Then the Master will say, "What for me have you
wrought?
"Accept the reward that your business has brought."

And then will the thoughts of the dealer be turned
To his deeds upon earth when his Maker he spurned,
For there shall he see the souls of the men
That he ruined on earth o'er the bar of his den.

Then as he accepts the reward that is given,
And his soul cannot find that sweet peace in heaven,
He will find when too late to repair his bad deeds,
That he cannot pluck flowers where he has sown only
weeds.

DECORATION DAY.

Again we decorate the graves of those who fought
and said:
"We'll seal your proclamation, Abe, if needs be, with
our blood."
They kept that promise faithfully, by standing at
their post,
And gained a noble victory, though many lives were
lost.

And many since have passed beyond to an eternal
home;
They answered to the last roll call, their work on
earth is done;
They heard the din of battle beneath a "southern
sky,"
But never did they cease to hold the stars and stripes
on high.

And may this flag forever float above this land made
free
By those who said you can't extend this human
slavery;
And so to-day we decorate the graves of those so true;
Above the sod the roses; beneath, the boys in blue.

In their graves they rest in silence, and in peace they
slumber on,
While we are left but to enjoy the freedom for us
won;
And while beneath the flowers our boys in blue
sleep on,
We ever shall remember them by deeds of greatness
done.

"For whether on the raging sea or in the battle's
van,
The noblest death that man can die is when he dies
for man."
And this is what our boys have done: They fought
that we might see
A nation freed from human slaves, proud of her lib-
erty.

KATE U. GARTEN.

BORN: CLARKS, NEB., AUG. 29, 1872.

The poems of Miss Garten occasionally appear in the local press. She resides in Fullerton, Nebraska, and is engaged in school teaching.

LOOKING AHEAD.

O, the dark mystery of human life!
The material world how much unlike;
Here glide together, side by side,
Sunshine and shadow, day and night.

Onward pressing, ever onward,
We thirst to know where our way doth tend;
Like a child upon the river,
We long to see around the bend.

Yet, 'tis well we can't lift back the veil
That from us the future hides,
And see in just what channels
Shall flow life's strongest tides.

'Tis well that just before us ever
Shines hope's delusive light,
Making the goal of our ambition
Seem very near, almost in sight.

'Tis well that we see no farther on—
But that he who the future holds,
Crushes us not with its weight at once,
But slowly to us his plan unfolds.

ORPHA A. LEACOCK.

BORN: ELLISON, ILL., OCT. 29, 1872.

The poems of this writer occasionally appear in the local press. Nebraska has been his home for the past eight years.

A HOLIDAY.

Ah, well do I remember
That bright, sunny day in June;
We wandered o'er the prairie,
Where the wild flowers were in bloom.

We had started for Rock Falls
On that eventful day,
And stopped to pluck the flowers
That blossomed o'er our way.

We reached that shady woodland,
Where the beautiful wild birds sing,
And heard the murmur of the falls
As the woods with echoes ring.

Then calmly o'er the waters
We peacefully did glide,
Until we reached that shady nook
Where our boats stood side by side.

Flow on, "O rippling waters,"
On to the deep blue sea;
O, may our lives be as peaceful
As the waters seem to be.

JAMES L. WISELY.

BORN: JUNE 9, 1824, IN ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND.

At the age of twenty he became associated with Isaac Pitman in disseminating the art of phonography. In 1850 he emigrated to America, farmed in Wisconsin, and there taught school. In 1878 he moved to Nebraska, and in 1884 became editor and owner of the Loup County Clarion; was elected county treasurer; has been justice of the peace for several terms, and in 1893 retired from active work and moved to Lincoln, Nebraska. He has contributed to various publications and is the author of a number of meritorious poems.

IN MEMORIUM.

The husband and father has gone to his rest,
And sadly and suddenly left us to mourn;
No farewell was spoken, no loved one caressed,
As he in his prime from our bosom was torn.

We parted in hope, ere the break of the day,
As he left on a journey, all healthful and brave,
And we knew he'd return without fail or delay,
Nor thought of disaster, nor dreamed of the grave.

The sun issued forth in his splendor and might,
And we turned to the duties and toils of the day;
And we cheerfully labored and waited till night,
As we thought of the loved one as yet far away.

And on he came prancing, nor slackened his speed
And felt the earth quake 'neath his ponderous
tread,

And on he came prancing, nor slackened his speed
Till the husband and father lay mangled and dead.

Lay mangled and dead near the spot where he fell,
On the cold, freezing ground, in the darkness of
night;

And we fancied that still he was distant and well,
And we rested in hope till the dawning of light.

While we rested in comfort on mattress of down,
And soft yielding pillows all soothing and warm,
His breath had departed, his spirit had flown
Beyond the dominion of cold and of storm.

No mattress nor pillow to soften his pain,
No loved ones around him to watch o'er his bed,
No one to inform us how long he had lain,
And how much he suffered before he was dead.

'Tis all over now, and we'll see him no more
Till our pilgrimage here like his shall expire;
Old Death can bereave us, but cannot restore,
But we'll all meet again as we fondly desire.

MRS. CLARA E. RICE.

BORN : ST. PETERSBURG, PA., NOV. 3, 1856.

This lady is a resident of Neligh, Nebraska. She was married in 1875 to Andrew Rice, and has one son and two daughters. "An Ode to Corn," given below, is an answer to Lord Tennyson's "Demeter and Persephone." Queen Persephone has been adapted to music and has received many flattering notices.

AN ODE TO CORN—QUEEN PERSEPHONE.

"O, Demeter, Demeter," your daughter yet lives
In this land that freedom and liberty gives;
The Hades of her dark and terrible mate
Was America, with savages most irate.

Persephone, the "enchantress" of all mankind,
Has lived long in the land of Pluto's find:
Pluto in war and carnage soon died,
And was buried with his stolen bride.

Our Pilgrim Fathers, wandering one day,
Came upon a mound built high out of clay;
They the bride from her bondage released,
Who since the world's hunger has appeased.

Persephone, warmed on Mother Earth's bosom,
Drank the nectar of sun and dew,
And sprang into life, a stately queen,
Robed in splendor of emerald green.

From her side a golden pendant hung,
A silken cornucopia of plenty swung;
A regal queen in her gay attire,
Something grand for all ages to admire.

The rustle of her garments at night
Chain in rapture our slumbers with delight;
When the hosts of Olympia the morning unfurl,
The world beholds a rich harvest's herald.

Palaces erected, a golden temple selected,
Each year her lovers in homage collected
At the shrine of this new-found queen,
Who, too, has power to make whole and serene.

Her beauty is gilded in exquisite mold:
The world's emblematics from her chalice of gold,
Till the name "Tennyson" in her blazonry traced,
In the coloring and blending of her grace.

Like embers of love, she glows on our hearth,
And pierces the shafts of the winter's mirth
Like a gracious queen of world renown—
A wealth retainer—our commerce crown.

No moaning here, and know not why,
But with joy she both laughs and cries;
For it's here the fate of men she spins:
In her fields illustrious lives begin.

To-day we'll proclaim Liberty our goddess,
Persephone our queen,
Demeter our national flower,
And send all three down
Life's pathway with man.

EMMA McRAE.

BORN: NOVIA SCOTIA, FEB. 19, 1871.

In 1881 the family of Miss McRae emigrated to Missouri, where they lived till 1889, when they removed to their present home in Schuyler, Nebraska. Miss McRae is addicted to verse writing, because, as she expresses it, she has inherited "the failing," her father, Mr. John McRae, having been quite well known in his native province as a writer of both prose and verse. She has written numerous poems, many of which have appeared in local papers.

A SECRET.

Tiny, sweet blossoms of May,
Sparkling with diamonds of dew,
Close to your pink-tinted ears
Let me whisper a secret to you—
A secret so precious and rare,
O, whisper it never again,
Save to the nourishing zephyrs of eve,
Or your nourishing mother, the rain.

Nay, blush not so rosily red,
And droop not your dainty head so,
But look up with sweet, trusting eyes
And list while I whisper so low.
The secret I'd tell you—'tis this:
To-night, when you slumbering lie,
I'll steal from the glare of the lamp-lighted room
Out here 'neath the star-jeweled sky.

And here 'neath the moon's mellow rays,
Out here 'neath the stars' silver throng,
While the leaves whisper soft to the breeze,
And the nightingale trills her sweet song;
I shall feel the warm clasp of his hand,
I shall live in the light of his eyes,
I shall hear in his words, spoken tenderly, low,
The music of love's paradise.

And should you, tiny buds, in your dreams,
Feel a thrill in your dew-nourished hearts,
Of the rapture, the meeting of souls,
To the loved and the loving imparts;
My secret you'll keep. O sweet flowers,
And whisper it never again,
Save to the murmuring zephyrs of eve
Or your nourishing mother, the rain.

JOSEPH W. SNIDER.

BORN : GEORGETOWN, W. VA., JULY 1, 1863.

Mr. Snider came with his father to Nebraska in 1880. The family settled in Buffalo County, near Kearney, where they still reside. Mr. Snider is now a student of the Fremont Normal School, but teaches public school part of the time. He has considerable reputation as an elocutionist.

EXTRACT.

As I rose to leave the old squaw,
I was deeply with sadness fraught;
Does Indian superstition
Oft picture such beauties? I thought.

In John's sublime revelation
Of the city and crystal sea,
I do not behold an equal,
And it teaches no more to me.

And I pray, when my life shall end,
Somewhere on the heavenly shore,
Some friends have the boatman waiting
In readiness to take me o'er.

May a life spent in well doing
Take all fear of the threatening tide,
And my boat, like that of a babe,
Safely o'er to the city glide.

WILLIAM H. CRANE.

The poems of Mr. Crane occasionally appear in the local press. He is a farmer and for years was a drover, and has driven oxen across the plains and once drove from San Antonio, Texas, to Helena, Montana. He resides in Steele City, Nebraska. The incident set forth in the following poem occurred to Mr. Crane's certain knowledge and he is personally acquainted with the subjects.

LLANO ESTACADO.

All night long my whip had swung,
And now my leaders lolled their tongues;
The eastern sky showed streaks of gray,
Which warned me of the break of day.
Straight before me stretched the road—
My thirsty cattle often lowed.
Some distant cloud belts glowed in streaks,
And sun-touched where the Spanish peaks;
For all night straining at their chain,
My team had been plodding 'cross the great staked
plain.

And now but ten miles more—water, grass and rest—
I turned my tired eyes away towards the west.
What! did my eyes deceive me, or do I dream?
A cold chill comes o'er me, forgotten is my team.
Are spirits out on the desert, do phantoms rise?
For to my longing fancies there comes a great sur-
prise.

In that morning twilight there comes a woman fair.
Red are her cheeks and lips, brown as gold her hair;
Yes, there on the rim of the desert, no one else in
sight.

She is walking strong and steady, her face to the
morning light.

Now all night vague fancies about me did hover:
Twice had I called my sister, and once my mother
Had come and looked at the wilful son and brother
With loving eyes, and my own had been full
Of unshed tears; but that had passed and only a dull
Feeling of regret remained embittered as my wagon
rolled

With freight for the far-off land of gold.

But now, as if to put my reason to a test,

Was I mad or dreaming? 'Tis certainly a woman
coming from the west.

As she comes nearer her's is a strong and graceful
walk;

My heart is thumping so I can scarcely talk.

Good morning, she said, her voice soft and clear as a
bell,

This road is it far to a station? O sir, can you tell?
She lifts her eyes, great, brown eyes, appealingly to
me.
I, she said, I am a stranger—have just come over the
sea;
I came with some people (just here her voice did
break)—
They are called Mormons, they live at a great Salt
Lake;
And yesterday I heard them talking (now she began
to cry);
I was to be given to an old, old man! Oh, sir, I'd
rather die,
To be wedded to one you despise, as old as my father
that's dead;
I would rather wild beasts should eat me—is it far to
a station? she said.
How long I stood there I know not, beside my blow-
ing team;
My hat in my hand I was holding, wondering if 'twas
a dream.
At last I said, O lady, but stopped to take my breath,
No mortal alone and unaided on this road can find
anything but death;
For sixty miles o'er the desert nothing but dry, run-
ning sand,
The track is marked by skeletons of horses, cattle and
man.
Four days have I passed on its bosom, now water and
feed are gone.
With joy am I nearing the water which is a few miles
farther on.
In her eyes came a wild look of terror, her lips turned
snowy white,
I'll ne'er go back to the Mormons! O God, why didn't
I die last night?
She gave one shivering gasp and, clasping her slim
white hands,
Down she fell with one deep groan and lay prone
upon the sands.

Talk of times when evils confront us and troubles
without any end!
What could I do for this girl, this stranger without
a friend?
I rushed to my keg for water, to find there scarcely a
drop,
My handkerchief I moistened, her head on my knee I
did prop.
Soon her eyelids did flutter, and feeling the clasp of
my hand,
She started, shivered and trembled, and at last sat
up on the sand.
Thank you, I'm better, she said; you had better go
on with your load.
And you? I said, but she whispered, I must follow
this road.
Good God, I said, but I feared I was losing my breath,
This road for one like you can only result in your
death;
To thus see you forsaken gives me most exquisite
pain;
For sixty miles towards San Antonio 'tis called the
great staked plain;
No one walking can pass it, even here wolves dare not
come;
The buzzards and ravens possess it; nothing that
lives has here a home.
You had better turn back with me to yon water just
up in yon glade,
I am no friend to the Mormons, so of me be not
afraid.
I've a sister at home, and a mother back in the old
Granite State,
Who watch for the son and brother and wearily, long-
ingly wait;
My mother has relations in England; with that her
eyelids stirred;
Her people came over on the Mayflower. But she
never uttered a word.
Their name was Carver, an old English name dear to
me.

Swift she raised her brown eyes to mine: That was
my father's name o'er the sea.
Then you are my cousin, so trust me. See, the sun is
climbing the sky;
My oxen are famished for water; indeed, I fear they
will die.
No man or beast shall molest you, unless my life first
they take;
No Mormon, be he bishop or elder, shall drag you
away to Salt Lake.
She tried to rise; I helped her; she looked at her
shoes all ragged and torn;
I said, God has some lessons to teach us when he and
we are alone.
In my wagon a seat I made her, my blankets done up
in a roll,
And God I kept inwardly thanking from the inner-
most depths of my soul.
Now of our first camp I'll say nothing; you see I had
plenty to eat;
My guest couldn't swallow a mouthful, and the sun
blazed intolerable heat.
And to tell each day how we traveled with that slow
moving team,
Camping among sage and griswood or following the
course of a stream.
Far away to the north, in Montana, where clear
streams are yellow with gold,
I was carrying my cargo — 'twould quadruple, I
knew, when 'twas sold.
You see, when we got to Fort Bridger—I shall re-
member it all my life—
We went and called on the post chaplain and came
away man and wife.
Long years have passed since then, bringing its griefs
any joys;
Our home in Virginia City, Montana, has laughing
girls and boys.
Let me stand them in a row, I think they all are
pretty,
For here stands John and Will, Alice, Kate, and
Rittia.

JOHN WALKER.

BORN: IRELAND, MARCH 6, 1829.

Mr. Walker is the author of about one hundred poems, which have appeared from time to time in the local papers. He is a well known resident of Humphrey, Nebraska.

IN MEMORIUM.

He has gone, the brave, the brave,
He has finished life's career,
But the impress of his labors
For ages shall appear.
He was first to fell the oak,
The forest first to clear;
And Ontario will long remember
Her brave old pioneer.

Save me, the unbroken family circle
Had the comfort to be there,
And to me the only solace
Is to offer up a prayer.
Tho' long miles lay stretched between me
And the raising of his bier.
Yet I hope some time to kneel me
By his grave and shed a tear.

J. W. STANFIELD.

BORN: ILLINOIS, NOV. 13, 1833.

For a number of years Mr. Stanfield resided in Iowa, but is now a resident of Belden, Nebraska. His poems occasionally appear in the local press.

OUR HOME IN NEBRASKA.

Nebraska, we have come to thee;
You have invited us to stay;
Have left our native land we loved,
Our home, our Iowa.

In wonder we gaze upon your cities
And view your landscape o'er;
You say you have room for us
And many thousands more.

You say to all those seeking homes,
With wealth, great or small,
You will find our gates wide open,
Read our sign upon the wall.

If they are blind, a guide they'll find
Who will conduct them to the door;
If within ourself we have not enough,
Our trust is in God for more.

Nebraska, I am not a stranger here,
I have crossed your wide domain
Long ago, when I was called a boy,
And you were called the plains.

Where are your tribes of red men?
I met them here many years ago;
They often joined us in the chase
With their quiver and the bow.

This was his home, his hunting ground,
O'er this expansive plain;
His herds that here once did abound
By the white man have been slain.

He has ceased his hostility,
No more he makes his raids;
Tells no more of brave deeds he's done
To their wives and dusky maids.

No more we hear his warwhoop;
'Tis true, he has done many deeds of shame;
Pause and think what he has suffered:
Can we say he alone was to blame?

To me it seems like a dream;
Just forty years ago,

Places where your cities stand
I have chased the elk and buffalo.

But you and I have changed since then:
You have become a state,
While I am left alone here to-night
To watch and meditate.

The breezes of many winters
Show plainly on my brow;
You will grow more beautiful
Than you were then or now.

Your graceful hills and fertile valleys,
Your railroads in commotion;
Your rivers from the mountains
Flowing down into the ocean.

We have found a home with thee,
With heartfelt thanks we say
That we will always love thee
As the sister of Iowa.

KATE W. DUNNING.

BORN: CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH 31, 1871.

This lady removed with her parents to Nebraska in 1878, where she still resides at Dunning, engaged in teaching. Her poems occasionally appear in the local press and have always received favorable comment.

LOST IN THE SAND HILLS.

Often we read of the "Babes in the Wood,"
That a childish heart still grieves;
How they laid them down and fell asleep,
And were covered up with leaves.
Greater the horror of two little girls,
Lost, lost in a waste of sand,
With no leaves to cover the little forms,
No kind, gentle mother's hand

To draw them close in a loving clasp,
Or tuck them in bed warm and white;
No, only the hot sun and sand by day
And the cold, chilly air by night.

It was the tenth of May, in ninety-one,
Just six miles from Thedford town,
And the shadows were creeping along the hills,
As the setting sun went down,
And touched with a lingering splendor
The hills with a last ray of light.
But twilights are short in Nebraska,
And soon came the deep shade of night,
And two little girls set out for home,
Troubled not that the hour was late.
It was only a short half mile home,
But, alas! for the hand of fate

That led them aside to gather flowers
On the prairies growing wild;
The wild-pea and yellow Sweet William,
That delights the heart of a child.
But woe unto him who leaves the path
On this dreary, rolling plain,
For mile after mile you may travel
And the hills look all the same.
The dark pall of night closed in on them,
Bewildered and trembling with fear,
While torn with anxious watching
The loved ones searched far and near.

All that night, with the help of a neighbor,
They sought them, but in vain,
Calling "Tillie!" and still louder "Tillie!"
But the echoes rang back her name.
Then the tidings were sent to Thedford,
And along the river spread;
Men quickly prepared to join the march,
Mothers' hearts were filled with dread,
And they gazed on their own little children,
As in childish wonder they stand,

Then thought of that poor, suffering mother,
Then of that wide waste of sand.

As soon as the sad story reached them,
In a very short space of time,
Friends, neighbors, strangers, fast gathered
And took their places in the line
That stretched far away o'er the sand hills;
And only the steady tread
Of the horses they rode broke the silence
Of him who watched ever ahead.
Some mounted on poor, gaunt work horses,
Some forward on foot, days to press,
Leaving crops and all thoughts of home interests
At the call of human distress.

Why dwell on the horror and suffering
Those trying days held for all?
This life at the best is a problem
And soon comes the grave and the pall.
Ask some pioneer of this section
If with tired and weary feet
He has traversed a scope of this country
And felt the intense, scorching heat,
As the sand sent back a reflection
To the steady rays of the sun?
Ask him if he ever craved water
Before that journey was done?

The days dragged wearily onward,
Till evening upon the third day
The smallest of the two children was found—
A sad little heap by the way.
With tender care they lifted her up
And shook off the hateful sand,
Bathed the swollen, disfigured features,
And chafed the limp little hands;
Pitying faces bent over her—
A stiff little form, cold and numb—
And with patient suspense they listened
For a word from the lips so dumb.

O, where is the older little girl?
Ah, which way did Tillie roam?
At last came the low, painful answer:
"Dear sister went on to find home."
Yea, for all unknown to the searchers,
She who left them joyous and whole,
Was then crossing the dark, surging waters,
Fast nearing the home of the soul.
But now cheered in the search of the children,
They were off at the break of dawn,
For who could sleep when from a mother's fold
One little lamb was gone?

Just a week from the time of starting,
The search to a sad end was brought;
In the most desolate part of the hills
Was the child they long had sought.
O what a terrible sight to see—
Every spark of life had fled;
Lying on her own little apron
For many long hours since dead.
They gathered around on the crest of the hill,
All movements hushed as a breath:
Men accustomed to hardening scenes,
Stood awed in the presence of death.

Brave men turned away with a shudder,
And many an eye-lash grew wet,
For the condition of that poor lost child—
Who saw it, will never forget.
The power of pen cannot picture
The scene the sun shone on that day,
As men and horses with drooping heads
Set out on their homeward way.
They took the remains of the little girl,
Who in future should never roam,
Up the river to the town of Thedford,
And buried her near her home.

Some may say men might have done better,
When time puts life to the test;

But they who take thought to consider,
Can they doubt that each did his best?
And ever sympathizing woman
All along this rude frontier,
Sent out food for those hungry searchers—
Knowing well the need of cheer.

MRS. LOVERN P. BROOKS,

BORN: MADISON, OHIO.

At the age of twenty-three this lady married John L. Brooks, a highly esteemed, exemplary Christian man. His sudden death, by accident, six years later, with the previous loss of her only child, deepened her spiritual nature. From these sad bereavements date the beginning of her sacred poems, which she writes oftenest when "passing under the rod," or when led to a closer walk with God. Mrs. Brooks is a direct descendant in the ancestral line with the poets Wm. Pitt Palmer, Rev. Ray Palmer and others who are the descendants of Walter Palmer, who came from Nottinghamshire, England, in 1629.

MUSIC.

Music: sweet echoes from a fairer clime:
Thou wast not born of earth, or sea, or time;
Long 'fore the hearts of mortals wept or sung,
The morning stars their course with music rung;
Long ere the stars, the radiant gems of night,
Their harmony put forth with joyous light;
E'en long before creation was complete,
Within God's soul, sweet melodies did meet.
From God, the fairest angel caught the strain,
Then man redeemed, took up the sweet refrain;
As sun on flowers his golden hue hath lent,
So music, in the heart of man was sent,
That we our souls, with melody replete,
With God the Father of sweet music meet.
Then catch the sweetest strain, redeeming love,

To fill discordant earth, like Heaven, above;
And sing with Him, in harmony sublime,
Till souls touch soul with God, in love divine.

THE PRICELESS GEM.

O soul of man! that priceless gem!
That living star from heaven's sphere!
That spark from God's own being sent,
The soul His likeness bears so near.

O soul! Thou Godliest of gifts,
Nor heights, nor depths can compass thee;
Not soundless seas nor singing stars,
Can fly or fathom where thou'lt be.

Immortal soul! Destined to be,
As ages on through ages roll;
Time wearies not, time ne'er grows old,
Still thou art there, a living soul.

An infinite soul, for weal or woe,
For rapturous joys of bliss divine;
A ransomed soul, by Jesus' blood
Fit jewel in his crown to shine.

But lost, in realms of dark despair,
No ray of light from God's sweet smile
E'er enters to dispel the gloom,
Nor love the wanderer reconcile.

Then haste, O souls redeemed, make haste,
Thy Christly mission to fulfill;
Go tell the lost and wandering ones—
God's waited long, is waiting still.

Go open wide the gates of life,
Unbar the prison of despair;
Love holds the key in Jesus' name,
His mighty love so wondrous fair.

ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

O martyred dead, O orphaned land bowed low;
O pride of earth, that thus thy blood should flow;
That 'neath the weight of sorrow's night of woe
The world's aghast at the relentless foe.
Then like some mighty torrent pent, o'erflows
Wells forth the human tears, and floodgates rose
'Till every barrier's swept away, and o'er
Our loved nation fair, from riven hearts pour
Forth the lamentations o'er our ruler dead.
The Christian, soldier, statesman, lover, dead.
Go ask the myriad stars that shine,
If death e'er comes to the soul that's divine;
Go compass the blue of the heavens above
Or the soul of martyrs, imbued with love,
Go measure the sweet boon of freedom bought
By the heroes who for liberty fought;
A nation transformed by his will in a day
The epoch in history will live for aye;
Go list to the music through coming years
The new-born nations have caught from the spheres;
Go gather the sunbeams where his love flowed,
The pearls which he scattered along life's road;
Go list to the seraphs who sweetly say
Toward heaven your loved one is wending his way.
O peerless sovereign, o'er the hearts of all,
God grant thy mantle on the nation may fall,
That the people of earth may learn of thee
The sweet lessons of trust and charity.
O Father God, our Sovereign Ruler King,
Hear Thou our prayer, the heart's lone cry we bring,
Thou hast our martyred trio near Thy throne,
O grant Thy especial care, o'er us Thine own,
Guide Thou or Ship of State, our pilot be,
O calm the tempest, when we launch to sea,
Be thou the stricken widow's God, her friend,
Her comforter 'till life's sad journey end;
Make of this nation what Thou deemest best,
And in Thy love, may we securely rest.

DAWN OF THE CENTURY.

O dawn of the century, dawn of the year;
What doth thy coming bring, of hope or fear?
O what has thou locked in yon time's fast embrace,
Thou dost harbinger forth thy footsteps to trace?
Are thy swift fleeting wings with joy freighted o'er,
Or comest thou hence from sorrow's dark shore?

The tocsin of war sounds its terrors aghast,
And grim monster greed hath his fiendish clutch fast,
The low, stifled wail of the hard-plodding poor,
In death throes of agony pleads at thy door,
And justice couched low 'neath the fierce tyrant's
 night,
Cold, reeked with dumb terror, peers out for the
 light,

While Mercy and Pity, sweet angels of peace,
Are pleading Just Heaven, for Justice release.

O dawn of the century, dawn of the year,
What portends of soul's mighty destinies here?
What imports vast nations, aye forged to despair
Or glory-lit pages of history there?
O monarchs and rulers, o'er empires, o'er all,
The past speaks, in God's mighty voice of the fall,
Of the wanton waxed rich through the lust of gain,
Of nations, drunk foul through the blood of the slain,
Of triumphs through righteousness, and faith in
 God,
Through love's sweet heritage, the just have e'er
 trod.

O nations and kingdoms, O time in thy flight,
The empires in darkness may sit in thy light,
And nations unborn may shine forth like the star
To herald God's message of love forth afar.
The wealth of immortals is thrust of thy side
Still fettered and pinioned, borne out on thy tide.
Earth's heart throbs of sorrow is looking to thee,
Thou art "weighed in the balance," the verdict
 must be,

Aye through the long flight of eternity's years,
Thy record unchanging abides as the spheres.

MRS. HARRIET W. LEIGHTON.

BORN: ALBANY, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1839.

Mrs. Leighton is a member of the Home for the Friendless; Vice-President Auxiliary of Y. M. C. A.; member of W. C. A., and Hayden Art Club. She was the State Cor. Sec. Neb. W. C. T. U.; three years Sec. of Lincoln W. C. T. U., and for one year its President, besides holding various other positions.

BEAUTIFUL HUDSON.

Hudson, O beautiful river!
Bright in thy morning repose,
Glassing the clouds as they mingle
Colors of azure and rose;
Down in thy depths seem to slumber
Balm of the bosom oppressed,
There, O so sweetly alluring,
Coolness, tranquility, rest.

Hudson, O beautiful river!
Wrapped in a siren-like spell,
Know'st thou thy dangerous beauty
Charms the soul—aching too well?
Terribly, fatally tempting,
Glowing in dimples and wiles,
'Tranced and bewildered, the gazer
Courts the sweet death of thy smiles.

Hudson, O beautiful river!
Jeweled with rays of the sun:
Pure and serene as the morning,
Think of the hearts thou hast won!
Won to the suicide's haven,
Won to their watery graves,
Lost to the world, and forever
Hid by thy glittering waves.

OUR DEAD BOY.

Now close the aching eyelids,
Aye, press them gently down;

O fingers, weaving garlands,
My Louie's brow to crown.
The light that used to sparkle
Beneath them now hath flown,
To view Heaven's fadeless blossoms,
Where tears shall be unknown.

Smooth from his marble forehead
Those tresses, O, how fair;
And clip, O fingers loving,
For me one lock of hair.
One curl 'twill be a treasure,
A part of my dear child
Now dwelling with his Saviour,
Guileless and undefiled.

There now the hands are folded,
Beneath the casket-lid,
O God! how much of Heaven
Is in that coffin hid!
Now leave me with this sweet thought:
Though lies that boyish head
Beneath spring's early blossoms—
My darling is not dead.

Not dead! O grave, thou holdest
Only the casket fair;
The gem wears brighter luster
Where Heaven's rich jewels are.
Onward our feet are pressing,
Soon shall we enter where
Liveth our angel Louie,
In Heaven, pure and fair.

CLARA JANE DEARING.

BORN: VERMILLION CO., ILL., DEC. 16, 1873.

The poems of this lady have appeared in the Gazette of Roseland, Neb., where she resides. She is now attending Cloverdale School.

THE SILVERY SHORE.

What is that pleasing, noisy roar?
 Is it on the rough, rocky shore,
 And of the blue waves bounding high?
 How they must rush and dash,
 To make such a crash
 Where the moss-covered stones lie.

Rushing and rising,
 Like a warship prancing,
 Then quickly rushing on;
 The dark blue waters
 Doth their musical sound keep,
 While the briny shore they make deep.

When the beautiful sun, pale,
 Through a misty veil,
 O'er the rocks spreads her light,
 'Tis a beautiful sight
 O'er the silvery shore to gaze.

MRS. G. WILEY.

BORN: HAMBURG, ILL., OCT. 9, 1861.

The poems of this lady occasionally appear in the local press. In 1881 she was married to George W. Wiley, and now resides in Greeley Center, Neb. Mrs. Wiley is also a musician, and teaches a large class of scholars.

UNDER THE MAPLES.

High up in the shady maple trees
 The sweet-voiced birds are singing;
 And over there on the mountain bare
 They have set the echoes ringing.

I am almost hid 'mid the blades of green,
 As I lie in the orchard grass;
 While clouds float by in the quiet sky,
 And I watch them as they pass.

Like great white ships they sail along
With a motion calm and slow,
Then are lost to view in the distant blue—
I wonder where they go.

The daisies and buttercups here at my side
Are nodding and whispering together;
I know what they say when they look so gay—
They are pleased at this warm, sunny weather.

And there goes the bee with his keen eye,
He seems heavily loaded with money;
But I know it's not so far, the red-clover blow
Told me where he gets all his honey.

Hark, I hear from somewhere
A bell that is ringing, yes, ringing;
O birdie up there, I wish, I declare,
You would drown the sound with your singing.

But mother is calling there from the house
Where the shadows lie dark and cool;
And her voice so mild says "Where is the child—
Bessie, my dear, it is time for school.

Slowly I rise from the grass to go,
For the schoolroom seems stuffy to me;
And I'd much rather stay out here all day,
Where all is bright and free.

When I told mother so, I saw a tear in her eye,
Though I am sure she did not know it;
And I heard her say, as I turned away:
"The child is too much of a poet."

I scarcely know what a poet means,
But I think the heart must be very sad—
When the birds and flowers and sunshine hours
Cannot make it forget and be glad.

My school days are over, my books laid away,
For all their lessons are done;

Yet well I know as henceforth I go
That the school of life has but just begun.

I am quite as tall as mother now,
And almost a woman grown;
Yet my heart is as gay as it was on that day
When I sat in the orchard alone.

So I will earnestly bend to the tasks of life,
And try in its school to excel;
And my angels above in voices of love
Whisper softly "She doeth well."

And if ever the beauty that dwells in my soul
Bursts forth into blossoms or song,
I pray it may live and sweet fragrance give
Long after the singer has flown.

EDWARD MARSTON HUSSONG.

... BORN: AMES, IOWA, DEC. 10, 1864.

He received his education in the Ames Agricultural College, and at the University of Nebraska. For many years he has been engaged in educational work with success, and is now principal of public schools of Franklin, Neb. He has been a successful editorial writer and journalist, and is the author of several botanical and educational works.

NATURA DELECTAT.

Sweet are my thoughts as o'er the globe I stray;
The sturdy undergrowth, its broad expanse of gray,
The luxurious green, that livelier lies below,
Diviner pleasures art can ne'er bestow.

The enchantment of the tangled woods and vales,
The undulating plain, the cool, refreshing dales;
Unnumbered gifts as these to me each day,
Insures the keen delight, the pleased stay.

Or, ocean's sandy beach lies glistening in the sun,
The approaching wave, the heaving tide comes on;
The plashing waters at my hastening feet,
The bubbling crest, the untiring, swift retreat.

Or, stoned peak of mountain's dizzy height,
Each serried side, each chasm dark as night,
The extended view, the upward steps disclose,
And over all an active, firm repose.

These are to me diviner, purer thoughts of joy
Than artificial praise—vain word—can e'er employ.
Each insect, plant and stone pays homage kind,
Or worship gives to the inquiring mind.

RINDA E. COPPOCK.

BORN: CLEAR LAKE, IOWA, MARCH 16, 1878.

The poems of this lady have appeared in the local papers of Nebraska, in which State she resides at Chambers. She is the daughter of a Baptist minister.

THE MISTAKE.

Why do you envy the poet's part?
Because when the course of time
Brings sorrow that lies like lead on his heart,
He can put it forth in rhyme.

O do not deceive yourself, my friend;
Do not think of a poet so well:
There are sorrows that lie too deep for the pen
Of even a poet to tell.

You ask me what they are? Ah, me!
My friend, did you ever stand
By the bedside of a friend and see
His spirit take flight from this land?

Did you ever see a mother's grief
For a little one who has gone,

Whose sunny life has been too brief,
Who has left her all alone?

Did you ever see a maiden weep
For a lover far away,
Whom she knows she never again shall meet
Till in the grave they lay?

And can you ask, after all this time,
What sorrow there is so deep
That even the balm of a poet's rhyme
Will not bring comfort sweet?

MRS. JERENA W. TRICE.

BORN: BOONE CO., ILL., MAY 16, 1858.

For twenty-five years this lady was a resident of Nebraska, but now resides in California. For several years she taught school prior to her marriage, at Elk Creek, Neb., in 1884, to Dr. C. W. Trice. Besides her poems, Mrs. Trice has contributed prose to various newspapers upon economic questions.

TO GERTIE TRICE.

Afar in the home of the love-kissed stars,
In the home of the pure and free,
There dwelleth our darling—a tiny bud,
To unfold in the wealth that be
In the higher spheres, which God decreed
Before the earth of its beauty sang,
Or the stars in their glory vied.

Oh! tiny bud of the rarest flower,
What mystery guides thy growing?
Do angels watch o'er and direct with care
Each petal in wealth to unfold?
Does the soul expand by spirit laws,
As does the flower by nature's force,
Infinitizing earthly life?

Do you gently come to our saddened home,
Like the twilight kissing the earth?
Do you bring us glad tidings of thy joy,
And whisper to our wounded hearts,
And tell us of love beyond the skies,
Only reached by the angel of death,
And which we shall share by and by?

Did the scroll of heaven roll back for thee
To enter for that higher love?
Does death the secret of being disclose
What children of earth cannot know?
Oh! beautiful words in the skies beyond,
Oh! eternity's endless circle,
What have ye not in store for us!

Dear Gertie, we know our griefs are thy joys,
But in our weakness we will mourn
Till death shall liberate our souls from clay;
If thou be in the realms of space,
Then will our souls gravitate to thee.
Life is only the product of love,
An eternal law of our God.

LIFE.

All of creative force beneath
With blending laws, conspired to reach
And animate a human form,
And living man is but the bud
Of evolution's grander laws
That act throughout all time and space.
Death gives another form of life
With added beauty. It unclasp
The folded bud and fragrance sweet
And bids the flower forever bloom.
The cold white clay of soul bereft
Returns to dust, but its spirit
To grander heights of life has gone.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Oh sad life, of thee I learn;
My fondest hopes like embers burn,

Then vainly turn to ashes;
And our mem'ries only bring
The empty things of which we sing—
And life is full of sadness.

BESSIE EMRY.

The poems of Bessie Emry have appeared extensively in the local press of Nebraska, in which State she resides at Loup City.

THE COUNTRY ROAD.

The brown road stretches through the land
Between the fields of grain,
Past many a house and many a grove,
And many a shady lane.

Past Brewer's house, where oft and oft
I've passed a pleasant hour,
When clustering on the apple trees
Were many a bud and flower.

For Uncle David oft has shown
His generous love for all;
And with his wife in shine or gloom
Has come at sickness' call.

The schoolhouse, too, it passes by,
Where children played at tag;
It lingers on the sunny hill
And loiters through the sag.

Where petals fall like showers of snow
From off the wild plum trees,
It passes on and sweet perfume
Is borne on every breeze.

The Main's farmhouse, so old and gray,
Its palings not the best,
Stands here, and at the mossy spring
The thirsty travelers rest.

And down the hill and o'er the bridge
The teams, a countless throng,
Haul golden loads of corn and wheat
To market all day long,

Till, polished by the glistening wheels,
The wheel tracks glint and shine
Like silver threads in dull old ore
From Colorado's mine.

And down the rows of sprouting corn,
Which greedy gophers seize,
A whistled tune, a scrap of song
Is wafted by the breeze.

So still wind, thou graceful road,
Nor change till time shall cease;
May all thy ways be pleasantness
And all thy paths be peace.

FRANCIS ASBURY BRYANT.

BORN : OTTUMWA, IOWA, FEB. 9, 1851.

For a number of years he taught school in his native State. He is now a successful physician and pharmacist of Norfolk, Neb.

NOVEMBER.

An eastern wind for the west to-night,
Beating along its desolate track
With a roaring sound, a gusty sweep:
Aye in its passage voices back
The word November.

The morrow's sun must shine from the south,
If bright, and spread its waning rays
Aslant on the faded wood and lawn,
As becometh the short'ning days
Of new November.

The leaves have clothed the ground in showers,
And left their parent boughs forlorn,
Which, hanging yet like sentinels,
Reveal conditions rudely born
Of cool November.

The birds have flown from their Northern homes,
Deserted are their summer nests;
Still clinging to the naked boughs
On which the dreary carving rests
Of cold November.

And chill rains drip from the skies o'ercast,
Anon in mist or torrent, whee
Until autumn stood deep fields of green,
Relentlessly, alas, laid bare
By bleak November.

There snowflakes lightly at length descend
To hide, 'twould seem, the barren land,
With all its leafless tendrils twined
Within the harsh, far-reaching hand
Of drear November.

What, then, withal, of this cheerless month?
Is there no prospect yet beyond
Of renewed life with coming spring
To break in its embrace the bond
Of stern November.

Ah, yes! as death doth all new birth precede,
When living things die and decay;
There yet shall grow in distant soil
A foliage luxurious, gay,
Of each November.

THE HOME OF MAN'S MORTALITY.

I wait while life's swift current flows
In ceaseless pulses at high tide,
And vainly peer, in sombre mood,
Across the wide walk's steep divide,
That turns my thoughts to bygone days,
Through which I strayed like wind at will,

With fond gaze fixed on childish scenes
In memory's book recorded still.

I view this day in visions clear,
As years on years their changes throw,
With silent motion far and near,
The forms, alas, of long ago.
I hear in accents ever known,
As if of yesterday's full stow,
From many a songster's busy throat,
A hundred voices shrill and low.

Then steals also from yon abyss,
Ofttimes far past me in its wake,
The deathless query of the hour,
How, in a world care-fraught in make,
I dare in measure undertake
To here recount in prose or rune
The scenes, emotions, and that like,
As chosen gems from life's fair June.

My far home rests on yonder hill,
As lowly as in days of yore,
But as it was it is not now;
Shall I behold it ever more?
My natal stream its curves bend near,
With murmurs stealing from its shore,
Akin in quaint, harmonic tone
To those my ears have heard before.

Familiar faces peer in mine,
With youthful blushes yet aglow;
Or wrinkled, wrought by 'morseles time
In its eternal onward flow.
The ripened grain on hill and dale
Looks up in waving seas of gold;
The craggy woods in changeful hue
Their green and yellow leaves uphold.

Thus forward drifts the world at large,
Stamped with its weird, mysterious change,

Each year revealed in deeper lines
On objects in its sturdy range.
Yet none, ah, none—whose shadows fall
Across my dim, benighted way
Hath taught me aught of what hath pass'd,
Nor what the eons of time will say.

Hark, then, and teach me if 'tis wise
That I should rend with reason's voice
The opaque veil of former sight,
Without its dull and hapless choice,
The things, in common phrases clad,
That my lost mind hath longed to know—
The home of man's mentality,
And where its endless currents flow.

Where does he dwell? comes to my ear,
When he has crossed the line of noon;
Where ardors dim, where hopes decline,
And his full manhood wanes too soon;
Where, face to face with sterner truth,
Frail does he, sighing, trembling, stand;
Or drop obscured, as, on the beach,
A rolling, shifting grain of sand.

He dwells, my senses should proclaim,
E'en now with quite secure accord,
Not in the dark, sealed future's urn,
Of my short, feeble sight abhorred;
But though deep meditation's store
Shall I with candor now at last,
Each transient month, each fleeting year,
Alone within the dreamy past.

J. B. HUGHES.

He is a well-known citizen of Cozad, Neb., and prominent in church and Sunday school work.

CHRISTMAS.

The morning dawns, the night has fled,
The day appears; I leave my bed
To face Life's duties and its cares,
Alone, unaided? He who dares
Thus to go is most unwise,
And danger long his pathway lies.
No! humble though my lot may be,
Jesus, my Saviour, leadeth me;
In prayer I supplicate His throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.

All through the day, from morn till night,
He gives me strength to walk aright.
I trust Him, make His will my guide,
Knowing full well whate'er betide,
Be joy my lot, or sorrow deep,
His loving care will surely keep
My feet from out the mire and clay;
His sunshine drive my clouds away.

And then when night doth softly creep
O'er nature; and dark shadows steep
The pathway; then I feel the need
Of trust in Him—for then indeed
He watches o'er me as I sleep;
His guardian angels vigils keep.
So ere I sleep, I kneel in prayer,
Commit myself to His kind care.
Thus all the time, both night and day,
Jesus is with me all the way.

J. EDWARD MORGAN.

BORN MERRICK CO., NEB., JAN. 19, 1872.

His father, Hon. Thomas G. Morgan, was one of the pioneers of Nebraska. J. Edward Morgan is the author of a volume of poems entitled "Morning Echoes," and his poems constantly appear in the newspapers of Nebraska. He has also attained suc-

cess as a lecturer, his principal subjects being "Social Democracy," "The Mission of Poetry" and "The Coming Age." He resides in Central City, Neb.

MY MOTHER.

My mother's locks are thin and gray,
Her brow is marked with care,
For age, with many a troubled day,
Has left its traces there.
Her dear old hands are feeble now,
With long, long years of toil,
For mother's hands found much to do
In caring for us all.

My mother's hands bear many a trace
Of drudgery and toil.
The care lines on her dear old face
Tell many a painful tale
Of days and nights of weariness,
Long years of toil and pain,
For much of care in love for us
That aged heart has seen.

Her hazel eyes are dim at last,
Their old-time luster gone.
Her weary step, enfeebling fast,
Her hollow cheeks are wan.
Though age and cankering cares have set
Their seal on her dear brow,
She toils for all, and loves us yet,
All tenderly and true.

The half that faithful heart has borne
No words of mine can tell;
But this I know, since childhood's morn
She's loved me all too well;
And loved us all and toiled through days
That stretched to midnight's pall.
Oh, would my thankless heart could praise
My mother's virtues all!

What would I give, were fortunes mine,
Of this world's glittering store,
To live my childhood o'er again,
To walk with her once more,
Whose footsteps followed close my own,
In childhood's happier hour,
Who sleeps now where the daisies bloom
And falls the April shower.

Could I to-night my youth resume,
And time could backward move,
And sister Maggie could come home
To bless me with her love,
Could mother's old gray locks to-night
Dark shade a smother brow,
Her eye resume its luster bright,
Her cheeks their old-time hue,

And we to-night could gather all
Around the dear old hearth,
And each to each the sorrows tell
We've met with here on earth;
And mother's smile could beam on us
Through happy, trickling tears,
Methinks for such a night as this
I'd give my future years.

But vain to wish, my youth is past,
My mother's locks are gray,
And sister Maggie lies at rest
Where hums the roving bee;
And mother's eyes must dimmer fade,
As slow the years drag by,
Until her dear old heart be laid
Where five dear children lie.

A. H. BYRUM.

BORN: 1857.

He is a successful lawyer of Bloomington, Neb.
His poems have appeared extensively in the local

press. As associate editor he has been connected with several literary publications.

THE GARDEN.

We love to sow and plant the peas
Out in among the apple trees,
And put potatoes in the row
And listen to them sprout and grow,
Along with beans and beets quitered,
With here and there a carrot bed.

The onions growing tall and green
Help to make our life serene,
And then the cabbage, think of that,
With heads too large for Arthur's hat;
Oh, when we think of all of this,
It makes us throb with joy and bliss.

But, say, dear friends, it ends not here;
This is not all—it's nowhere near.
The weeds begin to grow like rip;
Our feelings then are not so flip.
We grab the rake and garden hoe,
And o'er the ground begin to go.

Before we get half through the patch
Another crop begins to hatch;
The sweat rolls down our back and sides,
Just like the raging ocean tides;
Our hands are blistered to the bone,
Each breath we draw comes like a groan.

Then bugs and worms get in their work;
There is no time for us to shirk;
We toil clear through the summer's heat
And then we find that we are beat.
We're caught at last sans fruit or rocks,
A sucker in a 'possum box.

MRS. ANNIE B. JENKINS EVANS.

BORN: MT. CARMEL, IND., JUNE 25, 1834.

She attained success as a school teacher, and now resides in Roseland, Neb. Her poems have appeared extensively in the local newspapers of Nebraska.

OUR LIVES.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!"

So a well-loved poet sung;
And no words of truer import
Ever fell from human tongue.
Long ago I read and pondered
What a *real* life implied—
Earth was beautiful and joyous.
Was there aught for life beside?

Swift the fleeting years have passed me,
Dropped their burdens at my feet—
Till I've learned how great the labor
That must make a life complete;
Learned that not self we're living,
But each hour some record bears,
Fraught with influence, good or evil,
That each brother round us shares.

Little raindrops, falling singly,
Seem but weakest things to be;
Yet they "swell the mighty river,"
Flowing onward to the sea.
So each little word and action,
Though alone they tiny be,
Are the links that bind each lifetime,
Reaching to eternity.

Let us strive, then, boldly, firmly,
In the cause of Truth and Right,
Though no wealth of earth's possessions
May our labors e'er requite.
Better far the welcome plaudit,
When our brief existence's done,
"Well done, good and faithful servant,"
Coming from the Eternal Throne.

DREAMINGS.

At eve I sat by my window
While the sunset flooded the west
With waves of purple-bright glory,
And my heart felt a wild unrest;
The breeze, whispering, came through the lattice,
And my thoughts sped away on its wings.
It carried me back to the "bygone,"
That fount of all beautiful things.

I was a child then, light-hearted,
Rocked on the old apple bough,
Caroling, glad as the song-bird,
With blossoms enwreathed round my brow;
O, I was then happy, and lightly
That old-time wreath was worn;
But the one the years since have twisted there
Has hidden full many a thorn.

I sat mid the boughs, a-rocking,
One sweet, blue summer day,
Gazing thoughtfully up through the foliage
To the azure dome far, far away.
I thought it a type of my lifetime—
Not a shadow or mist was in view—
But a cloud soon slowly came drifting,
Till it covered the radiant blue.

Then I gazed with prophetic vision
Adown the dim aisle of years,
Till the dream of my childhood was broken
And my eyes were blinded with tears.
I looked far out on the dark waters—
I knew it was life's changing sea,
All covered with wrecks of fond hopes, even these
Were drifting away from me.

I shut my eyes on the vision,
Too dreary it seemed for my view,
And I tried to think its dark teachings
Were fleeting and all untrue.

I've walked in the world's shadowy pathway
Long since that dreaming time,
Close to those wild heart-throbs it hath kept,
Like beats in a mournful rhyme.

O, my soul hath gone forth in the journey,
And the struggles are making it strong,
Till I shrink not to meet the rude surges
Of the world's ever restless, stern throng;
Yet oft in my dreaming a whisper
Brings back the old flush to my brow,
And I long to be a child again, dreaming,
As I rocked in the old apple bough.

REV. BENJAMIN H. HUNT.

BORN: BALTIMORE, MD., 1835.

He has filled pastorates in Philadelphia, and for ten years at Schellsburg, Pa., and now fills a pastorate in Georgetown, Neb. He is the author of the well-known hymn entitled "One Day Nearer Home," and his poems have constantly appeared in the local and religious press.

NEARER HOME.

O'er the hills the sun is setting,
And the eve is drawing on;
Slowly drops the gentle twilight,
For another day is gone.
Gone for aye—its race is over;
Soon the darker shades will come;
Still, 'tis sweet to know at even
We are one day nearer home.

"One day nearer," sings the seaman,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore.
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,

In the evening cries with rapture:
"I am one day nearer home."

Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun;
For the goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done.
Thus we feel when, o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal sore we roam,
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

Nearer home! Yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high—
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the lands beyond the sky;
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

WET WITH RAIN.

There's a shadow at the window,
There's a moonless, starless sky,
And her eyes peer through the lattice
As the storm goes flying by,
While she gazes, listens, waiting
For his coming through the rain;
Hark, the ringing hoofs of charger;
List, a tap upon the pane.

There are shadows in the mansion
Now of two, and now as one,
Standing by the marble mantel
In the firelight gold and dun,
And her eyes swim in new love-light,
As his lips touch hers again,
While her nut-brown ringlets cluster
On his shoulder, wet with rain.

Moonlight floods the ivied castle,
Wedding bells ring out their chimes,
'Tis the lilting and the wassail
Bring once more the haleyon times.
After shadows comes the sunshine,
To the faithful comes the gain,
And the orange blossoms cluster
In the ringlets wet with rain.

BENJAMIN RANDALL.

He is a resident of Colclessner, Nebraska, and his poems occasionally appear in the newspapers of Nebraska.

ADDRESS TO AN OBJECT GLASS.

Go, valued treasure, not as gem,
To flash in monarch's diadem;
Take higher plane, nor fawn nor fear
King, lord or slaughtering conqueror,
Or greedy multimillionaire.

Celestial prize, should any dare
Object thy purpose, challenge there
Wealth, genius, skill, to make from land,
Pearls, diamonds, gold, silver or sand
Thine equal, peer sublime and grand.

Make this thy mission: to increase —
Our boundary of thought, release
Our aspirations, bid them span
The infinite and read the plan
Divine, the mind, the soul, the man.

Read what the heavens declare aright,
The truth right showeth unto might;
Search the broad universe, where springs
Magnificent and wondrous things—
Eclipses, satellites and rings.

Employ thy power, divinely given,
To lift mankind from earth to heaven.

Review the grand eternal train
Traverse the ethereal domain,
Of worlds that blaze the stellar plain.

J. B. LA CHAPELLE.

He is the editor and publisher of the Saunders County Journal, of Ashland, Nebraska, and occasionally contributes poems to current literature.

“IF MEN WERE WISE AND LOVED EACH OTHER.”

“If men were wise and loved each other”—
O God, our Father, hear our prayer—
Grant that we may live to see it
When “there’ll be no sorrow there.”

“If men were wise and loved each other,”
What a world of care would go;
How each heart now bowed with sorrow
Would expand in joyous glow.

“If men were wise and loved each other,”
(How our heart beats at the thought);
The wonders of God’s promised “kingdom”
Here on earth would soon be wrought.

“If men were wise and loved each other,”
All trouble, sorrow, grief and crime
Would vanish as the mists of morning
To usher in the golden time.

“If men were wise and loved each other,”
Truth and goodness would hold sway
In the hearts of all God’s children,
With peace and plenty, here to stay.

“If men were wise and loved each other,”
Poor and rich would soon unite
In a friendly, loving union,
Thoughtful only of the right.

"If men were wise and loved each other,"
God's rich blessing soon would spread
O'er the "earth's wide field of battle,"
Bringing joy, replacing dread.

"If men were wise and loved each other,"
The Golden Rule would soon prevail,
And the temptings of "old Satan"
On you and I would not avail.

"If men were wise and loved each other,"
God's Holy Book would be read
By the light of truth and knowledge,
Not from hell's unthinking dread.

"If men were wise and loved each other,"
Hand in hand and heart to heart,
Every member of earth's kingdom
Would in honor do his part.

"If men were wise and loved each other,"
Burden's on each would be light,
For "our brother" would share with us
From a sense of love and right.

CLYDE BENHAM REA.

He is a resident of Stanford, Nebraska, and occasionally contributes poems and prose articles to the periodical press.

A REVIVAL.

From flowers sweet a cooling breeze
Comes drifting o'er the lake,
Singing softly among the trees
To the owl in his wake.

The little wavelets from the shore
Are dashed into the main,
There, lifted by a hundred more,
They rise and fall again.

No darkening clouds to hide from view
The stars so bright and high,
For in the water, deep and blue,
Is pictured moon and sky.

And in yon lone and wayside bog,
Where dampening vapors reign,
Some foolish, would-be-merry frog
Begins a glad refrain.

And thus by Nature's voice impressed,
My mind is lost to thought,
For why was earth so sweetly blest
And man so roughly wrought?

'Tis not the trials in this life
That make me to complain.
But just the way that man in strife
Is wont to make his gain.

Why cannot men, like flowers and bees,
For pleasure here compete,
With actions more alike to these
Who fill this world with sweet?

O, what a lovely world 'twould be,
What gladness would be sown,
If others' faults we could not see
And had none of our own!

WILLIAM E. MYERS.

BORN : TARLTON, OHIO, DEC. 29, 1844.

He has been Sunday-school superintendent at Tahoma, Nebraska, where he is engaged in dairying. His poems occasionally appear in the local press.

FRIENDSHIP.

We liken friendship to a vine
That's seeking something to entwine,
The sturdy oak, the stately pine.

We liken friendship to a rock:
The waves may roll, the winds may mock,
Sure to sustain the rudest shock.

We liken friendship to a flower,
That grows and blooms within the bower,
And gives its fragrance every hour.

We liken friendship to the sun,
That daily through the heavens runs,,
Giving light and heat to every one.

We liken friendship to a chain:
It may be large, it may be small,
Yet it hath no end at all.

We liken friendship to a tower:
It stands secure each day and hour,
A monument of strength and power.

Cedar Hall, so old and grand,
Where we may sit all free from care,
Whether it be foul or fair.

We liken friendship to a chain:
The enemy may tug in vain
In his desire to break in twain.

We liken friendship to the sea,,
Because it's wide and deep and free
And has a charm for you and me.

We liken friendship to the sky:
'Tis there through wet as well as dry,
Not always seen by human eye.

MRS. BERTHA AUGUSTA McCORMACK.

BORN: JONESBORO, ILL., OCT. 14, 1877.

She resides in Waco, Nebraska, and her poems occasionally appear in the newspapers of Nebraska.

MY HOME.

Cedar Hall, so old and grand,
In sweet repose, a happy home,
That vies with those in many a land,
From the humble cot to the highest throne.

Venerable cedars wave broad arms,
Beautiful roses just half blown;
Here birds are sheltered from all alarms,
In happy contentment they have grown.

In the after-glow of eventide,
When tho'ts from care are free,
And things from the darkened side
Have fled from sight and me,

My soul with peaceful emotion thrills
And the happy moments fly,
As I sit in flowery dells or wooded hills
And watch the brooklet rippling by.

When we rise to meet the sun,
We put away all care and strife
And feel that youth is just begun
As we view the shadowed path of life.

After the bounteous feast is spread
And all doubts and fears have fled,
Then come one, come all,
And drink the health of Cedar Hall.

ADA CARROLL WORTMAN.

She resides in Ashland, Nebraska, and occasionally contributes poems to the local press.

DISSATISFIED.

Ah, love, dear love, the day is gray and drear.
Beneath the gloomy skies I sit alone,
The heaving woods around me sigh and moan.
Ah, love, dear love, I would that thou wert near;

The time seems endless ; naught have I to cheer
Save the remembrance of thy look and tone
When thou did'st tell me of thy love, my own.
Ah, love, dear love I would that thou wert here.

So spake my lonely soul. My prayer was heard,
My wild heart-cry pleaded with his heart, per-
chance ;
I heard his voice in many a tender word,
But, all too soon, he must depart. Once more
He clasped me close ; I met his loving glance,
Then all the world seemed darker than before.

HOMER CHARLES PERSHING.

BORN : LA HARPE, ILL., JULY 16, 1867.

He has been engaged as principal of high schools
of Nebraska and as editor and publisher of weekly
papers. He is now editor of the Pioneer Record, of
Lincoln, Nebraska.

NEBRASKA HOMES.

The sod homes of Nebraska,
How modestly they stood
Along the sunny hillside,
Or nestled in the wood.
They sheltered men and women,
Brave-hearted pioneers ;
Each one became a landmark
Of early trial years.

The fine homes of Nebraska,
How proudly now they stand,
Amid the fields and orchards
All o'er the smiling land.
They rose up where the cabin
Once marked the virgin soil,
And are the fitting emblems
Of patient years of toil.

IN MEMORY OF A DEAD PRINTER.

There's a hush in our office to-day, kind friends,
As the typos work side by side ;

0

One over his work sad and silently bends,
 Another her type has pied.

The letters drop into the sticks with a sound
 That falls like the drop of the lead;
 Last night the sad news was brought in and passed
 'round
 That their 'loved foreman was dead.

His stick's on the stone where he left it last week,
 And his coat hangs back of the door,
 But he's gone, and they'll not hear his cheering voice
 speak
 To encourage the workers more.

No kindlier heart ever beat in a breast,
 But he has been called, as all must be,
 So we, with sorrow, lay his still form to rest,
 His soul is launched in eternity.

A. V. SPAULDING.

BORN: CROWN POINT, N. Y., FEB. 10, 1832.

He is a successful dealer in fruit trees, roses and shrubbery, of Omaha, Nebraska. His poems have appeared extensively in the periodical press of Nebraska.

WHAT I LIKE.

I like to write a little song,
 A little now and then
 On the topics of the day,
 The Tribune for to send.

I like to think its patronage
 Is of the truest kind,
 And in its columns, once a week,
 True principles to find.

I like to see the farmer boys
 Take their pen in hand
 To fill the Tribune's columns full,
 It looks so nice and grand.

I would like to see the farmer girls
Keep pace with all the boys,
And the world in general know
That they can make their share of noise.

I would like to hear the chorus loud,
Songs sung from hearts that're true,
And git ready for the battle
To be fought in '92.

I would like to see dishonist men
Kicked out from making laws,
And every Independent man
Rally to the cause.

I would like to see good judgment
In nominating men
That will not sell their principles—
Such are the men to send.

Such are the men for Congress,
And such for Lincoln town,
That won't allow the boodlers
To buy or chase them around.

Now here's a health to all of us,
A good old cold-water toast:
Just bet your boots in '92
Those boodlers we will roast.

WILLIAM M. DARLINGTON.

BORN: NORTHFIELD, IOWA, 1878.

Since 1888 he has been a resident of Nebraska, and
is now a prominent citizen of Long Pine.

RAINY-DAY REMINISCENCES.

Those pattering drops upon the roof—
What memories dear they bring to me!
Before me rise my boyhood days,
So full of life, of care so free!

Spring liberates the imprisoned streams,
Warmed earth a grassy carpet weaves;

Birds twitter and skip from limb to limb
Of trees re clothed with glossy leaves.

The fields grow bright with sweet wild flowers,
The buttercups filled with glistening dew,
White bloodroot, fair anemones,
Dutchman's breeches and violets blue.

Sister and I among them play—
Dear sister always watched o'er me.
(Oh, we are grown! She's married now;
I'm drifting—whither?—on life's sea.)

My first schooldays come to my mind—
My A, B, C's, the ape, the rat,
The nest of eggs, the little pigs,
The hungry mouse, the fierce old cat.

I see us little tow-head chums,
The dark-eyed girl that I liked best:
Our games and mirth, our tragic griefs,
The big bad boy, his cruel jest;

The small desk where I always sat,
With rude initials carved all o'er:
The weary hours of sitting still,
The glad relief that came at four.

My tender years were quickly passed:
I see myself a-hoeing corn;
The weeds are thick, the rows are long,
The hours are short 'twixt night and morn.

That steady work day after day
Was not all harmful to the boy;
It made me love the Sabbath day
For its rest and play and harmless joy.

But rainy days were welcomed most—
What boy complains of too much rain!
It breaks the rounds of steady drudge,
Of work and rule the galling chain.

I'd go a-fishing to the lake
With willow rod and cotton line,
Some angleworms and frogs for bait,
Barefoot, happy—the day was mine!

The bobbing float eyes eager watched—
It's under! I have got a bite!
I swing a bullhead up the bank,
Six inches long, but he's all right!

I'd keeep it up till twilight fell
(About the showers I did not fret),
Then string my catch on slender sprout
And walk home, cold and sopping wet.

When wiser grown I'd stay indoors
And o'er old books and papers pore,
Culling the parts I most enjoyed,
Quaint roundelays and strange folklore.

Of poets, wits, philosophers,
Of lovely lady, knight and steed,
Crusaders, warriors, robber bands,
In verse and prose I loved to read.

Fired by great deeds of peace and war,
With glowing zeal my soul was filled;
I'd pause and dream of coming years,
Tall, airy castles would I build.

Like Pericles and Cicero,
I'd nations move with tongue and pen,
I'd scale the very heights of fame,
Immortal glories win of men!

O'er seas and continents I'd rove,
Famed mountains, rivers, ruins scan;
The crowns of realms, the heads of states,
Masters of arts should welcome the man!

Alas, those day dreams vaporized!
Ambition droops with wearied wings;
Youth's spirits gone, I realize
I must contend with real things.

The weeping clouds have sped their way,
 The sunshine's streaming down again.
 Though I can't hope to grow renowned,
 I'll be a noble common man.

HANK HORRON.

He resides in Omaha, Neb., and his poems have appeared extensively in the periodical press of Nebraska.

THE MAN THAT NEVER KICKS.

While traveling over life's ragged road,
 How many men we see
 That bind tharselves to a heavy load
 Who could jest as wal be free!
 Now as fer me, I'm not the kind
 That worries tharselves sick,
 Fer I allus leave dull care behind,
 An' I never have ter kick.
 Now, I never horror truble,
 But allus meet it like a man.
 This life would be a bubble
 If the dark side we would scan.
 So what's the use ter stew an' fret
 If good luck with you won't stiek,
 'Cause it never helped a feller yet
 Ter chew the rag an' kick.
 This world is full o' care an' strife,
 But it allus has been thus;
 So what's the use ter waste yer life
 An' stamp around an' cuss?
 Take things easy day by day,
 Fer time is flying quick,
 An' if things jest don't come yer way,
 It won't do no good ter kick.

WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS.

BORN: NEAR CHICAGO, ILL., IN 1871.

He was a rancher of Northwestern Nebraska; and spent a great deal of time in hunting and prospecting.

He went to the Philippines; and is said to have died there.

SONNET.

“God of my Fathers!” thou who sits on high
And from thy throne behold'st the endless flow
Of hurrying mankind rushing to and fro
And watching them with Thine all-seeing eye
(As 'neath Thy feet the endless tide sweeps by),
Canst feel within Thy breast each shaft of woe
That through the heart of erring man doth go,
And whose kind ears can hear his feeble cry.
Almighty God! Jehovah! Thou who led
The hosts of Israel through desert lands,
And at whose word the mighty waters fled
From Jordan's banks and from the Red Sea's
sands:

We give, Thou God of living and of dead,
Our lives, our hopes, our souls into Thy hands.

A RAINY NIGHT.

The clouds are dark and leaden, hour by hour
The rain comes down more fiercely, till at last
It has increased from a pleasant shower
And has become in magnitude and power
A raging torrent falling thick and fast.

In solemn tones the mighty thunders roar,
The lightning gleams far in the inky west;
His jagged flashes rend the storm clouds' core,
Then darkness comes far denser than before,
And all the world in Stygian gloom is drest.

The frighten'd cattle shelter seek in haste,
The ban-dog whimpers in his maiden fear,
The grunting porkers, sleeping in the waste,
With squeals of terror have the tempest faced
And shelter sought within the stables near.

The fields are flooded and the thirsty earth
Absorbs the moisture and her strength regains;
Soon from her pregnant womb of ample girth
Prosperity shall boast his mighty birth
And plenty smile on mountain, mead and plains.

MOSES E. H. SYDENHAM.

In 1856 he settled in Fort Kearney, Neb., and for forty-five years has been actively associated with the business and political affairs of Nebraska. He is noted as a pioneer missionary of Christian civilization in Central and Western Nebraska. He is also well known as the editor of The Central Star of Empire, and as the Nebraska Hebrew Poet has attained wide popularity.

Strew flowers to-day,
While yet you may;
Make happy souls
That's on life's way;
That need some cheer
And sympathy,
With Heavenly love's
Own sunshine ray.

Strew flowers along
Thy path of life,
To bless the paths
Where others tread,
That follow on
In thy footsteps,
And cheerfulness
About them spread.

Strew violets,
And roses, too,
And other blooms
That's rich and rare
With beauty and
With fragrance sweet,
To leave perfume
Here everywhere!

Don't leave your flowers
Till she is dead;
Don't wait till he
Has gone from earth;
Thy own dear child,
Or loved one dear

Should have each hour
Thy friendship's worth.

Those flowers are here
So beautiful;
In lovely forms
And every shade;
Sweet emblems of
Our God's rich love—
Expressive of
All things He made.

The lily of
The field, so fair—
More glorious than
King Solomon;
And "Sharon's rose,"
So "wonderful"—
God's precious and
Beloved Son!

Scatter sweet flowers
Along life's way,
While earth's brief life
Doth with you stay;
Oh, wait not till
Your friends are dead,
But use the flowers
While 'tis to-day.

MRS. HENRIETTA F. EVERETT.

She resides in College View, Neb., and occasionally
contributes poems to the local press.

SCATTER FLOWERS.

Scatter flowers for the children,
Make their young lives bright and gay;
O, be patient in thy teaching—
Make each day a sunny day.

Scatter flowers for the parents,
Oft oppressed by toil and care;

Cheerful words with joy and gladness
 Maketh weary paths more fair.

Scatter flowers for the aged,
 Looking forward unto death;
 Give them tender care and brightness,
 Give them love with every breath.

Scatter flowers for the erring,
 Wandering in sin's dark thrall;
 Give them charity's sweet kindness,
 Till repentant tears will fall.

Give thy love to those that need it;
 Give thy smiles to lone hearts nigh;
 Give thy friendship to the friendless,
 And thy cheer to those that sigh.

These are flowers that do not perish;
 They will bloom anew for thee
 When you hear the Master calling,
 "My beloved, come to me."

BESSIE E. COOK.

She resides in St. James, Neb., and a number of her poems have appeared in the newspapers of Nebraska.

CHILDHOOD REFLECTIONS.

I'm sitting to-day as in dreamland,
 Just thinking of childhood's sweet day,
 While the autumn of life is approaching,
 Fast streaking my dark hair with gray.
 And again in a green-shaded door-yard
 My brother and I are at play,
 As we pull up the long velvet grasses,
 First loading, then stacking, our hay.

Boy-like, he must do all the stacking,
 And that, of course, doesn't suit me;
 Then, before we're aware, we are quarreling,
 And, "I'll go tell ma, you just see."
 Then for the house we both scamper,
 Each trying to be first at that.

One calls out, "Ma, he tore my bonnet;"
The other, "Ma, she grabbed my hat."

And mother, who shares all our sorrows,
Must list to this tale of woe,
And then, with gentle reproof in her voice,
Tells us good children never do so.
But that trouble was all forgotten
When warned by the great setting sun
That 'twas time we gathered old Biddy's eggs,
For the day was almost done.

As we start on this errand with pleasure,
Pail in hand, we walk side by side,
And mother, who stands in the doorway,
Gazes after her children with pride.
We arose with the sun the next morning,
As happy as two birds in May,
And after a breakfast of bread and milk
Were out and ready for play.

The express wagon down at the gate
Was the first thing our eager eyes spied,
And little Scott, generous and good,
Said, "Come, Bettie, I'll give you a ride."
So down the long green lane we travel,
To the creek on the east of the farm,
Though oft we were told not to go there—
We don't see where lies any harm.

So all through the bright morning hours
We stay there and play in the stream,
Thinking of naught but some pleasure
And that life is sweet, endless dream.
But just at this critical moment
Our sister appears on the scene,
Saying, "Oh! you two naughty children.
Why! What in this world do you mean?"

"Now skip for the house with your wagon;
Your clothes are just sopping wet.
Your mother will 'tend to your cases—
You know pretty well what you'll get."

Yes, we knew pretty well what was coming,
For we knew that we had not done right,
And ma with a switch in her hand
Was the first object which met our sight.

So we passed through the gate very slowly,
And up the walk, stubbing our toes,
But mother came out there to meet us
And was not long in drying our clothes.
I start as I think of the whipping,
Then smile as I realize it's o'er,
And a handsome and dark-eyed man
Is smiling on me from the door.

And mother sits there in her rocker,
With knitting dropped in her lap.
I see by her deep, heavy breathing
She's taking her afternoon nap.
And though childhood's sweet days are over,
I a woman and Scott a grown man,
Together we laugh o'er those happy days
And forget them we never can.

ANNA V. HULTBERG.

Her poems have appeared frequently in the periodical press of Nebraska. Her home for many years was in Ashland, Neb., but she has recently become a resident of Blair, Neb.

DAYS THAT HAVE VANISHED.

O, for a brief respite
From the busy cares of life—
To rest in some cool retreat,
Far from the city's strife!
At the foot of a sloping hillside,
Where a murmuring brooklet flows,
With a graceful elm bending overhead
And the soft green grass below!

O, for such a retreat!
To trespass on Nature's domain;

To sink into sweet oblivion
And dream o'er the past again,
Of the happy days of childhood,
As we merrily chased the bee.
O, for the days that have vanished—
To again be fancy free!

But time, alas, is fleeting,
And I'm drifting with the years;
Yet as I pause to look backward,
I see through a mist of tears
A glimpse of the days that have vanished,
Of those happy days of yore.
As those days have passed, so these will,
Till time shall be no more!

PARTINGS.

One by one our dear ones leave us,
One by one they wend their way
From this bitter vale of sorrows
To the endless realms of day.

One by one our dear ones leave us,
One by one they leave behind
Just a memory sweet to cheer us
And our aching hearts to bind.

One by one the days are fleeting,
And we're one day nearer home:
By and bye, ah, we shall meet them,
When we hear the summons, Come!

S. G. BAILY.

He is a resident of Blue Springs, Neb., and occasionally contributes poems to the local press of Nebraska.

OUR PRESIDENT.

A nation stands over thy grave, dear friend,
And mourns the loss of a son,
Whose glory and honor will never have end
While blood in its arteries runs.

Her grief is too tender for words to express;
So mute and silent she stands,
While giving the brow a most loving caress
And imploringly wringing her hands.

And down in her heart she despairingly cries:
Is it true that his spirit is gone?
While the nations of earth with tears in their eyes
Stand and look sympathetically on.

And she thinks she can hear from that far-away clime
An echo of grief to her own;
And, peal upon peal, the death knell's chime
Comes over the water alone.

And it rests on that fevered and fitful soul,
Like a magical balsam of myrrh,
But it cannot put breath in that form so cold,
Which is more than life to her.

Go back to his bedside, ye nation, in grief,
And hear the blessed message that comes
From the lips of your fallen but God-fearing chief—
Thy will, O Father, be done!

Hear him again as his pulses grow weaker,
When he's treading the shores of eternity;
Listen, oh, listen, to that wonderful speaker—
Nearer, yes, nearer, my God, to Thee.

If his spirit could speak from its present abode,
I believe that its message would be:
Friends, look at this purified, God-given robe—
Cease weeping and mourning for me.

“Oh, hearken, ye people, mid your weeping and wailing,
And listen to something your nation hath said—
That with a strong arm and aim never failing
It will reach forth its hand and strike anarchy
dead.

Thereby avenging a crime to a nation,
Which, plunged in bitterest anguish and woe,
Bringing to life another creation,
Flying the banner of death to such foes.

MRS. SARAH J. SMITH.

BORN: IOWA, SEPT. 9, 1848.

This lady occasionally writes poems for the press. She was married in 1870 to William H. Smith, has several children, and resides in Indianola, Nebraska.

MY SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

'Tis evening now; the gentle zephyrs
Steal in through the open door;
And in all its quiet beauty
The moonlight sleeps athwart the door.

While o'er the hills—the sleeping hills—
She trails her robes of snow;
Bringing memories sad to me
Of the beautiful long ago.

When the Autumn leaves were falling,
And the winds with solemn moan
Echoed 'round our lonely dwelling,
He was laid to rest alone.

He fills a soldier's unknown grave,
Beneath the sunny southern skies:
Where sweet-voiced songsters flit and sing,
From early morn till daylight dies.

There the starry and bright forget-me-nots,
With their dewy eyes and golden crown,
Silently honor the sleeping brave,
Bowling their heads to the hallowed ground.

And at night the stars of Heaven
Do their lonely vigils keep;
Watching down from skies of azure
O'er the grave where my warrior sleeps.

ISAIAH W. BRYANT.

He is a well-known citizen of Ashland, Neb.; and occasionally contributes poems to the local press.

NEBRASKA.

Dark rolling cloud and dread alarms
And frozen tempests sweep,

Imprisoned still in icy arms,
Sweet spring and summer sleep.

Yet softer o'er the clouded skies
Does a warmer light appear,
As recording in each morning's rise
Returning spring and summer near.

Resounding notes are on the wing,
And speeding through the air
As harbingers of coming spring,
And summer's very blushes there.

Soon shall the flaming sun
Its silvery treasures pour
Through skies now dark and dim,
Above this wide extended shore.

That in snowy winter's time
With frozen tempests pressed
In spring's sweet flowery prime
In wavy gold is dressed.

And Eden's breath resides
In summer's radiant bloom
Where the sunlight gleams forever
There no shadows ever gloom.

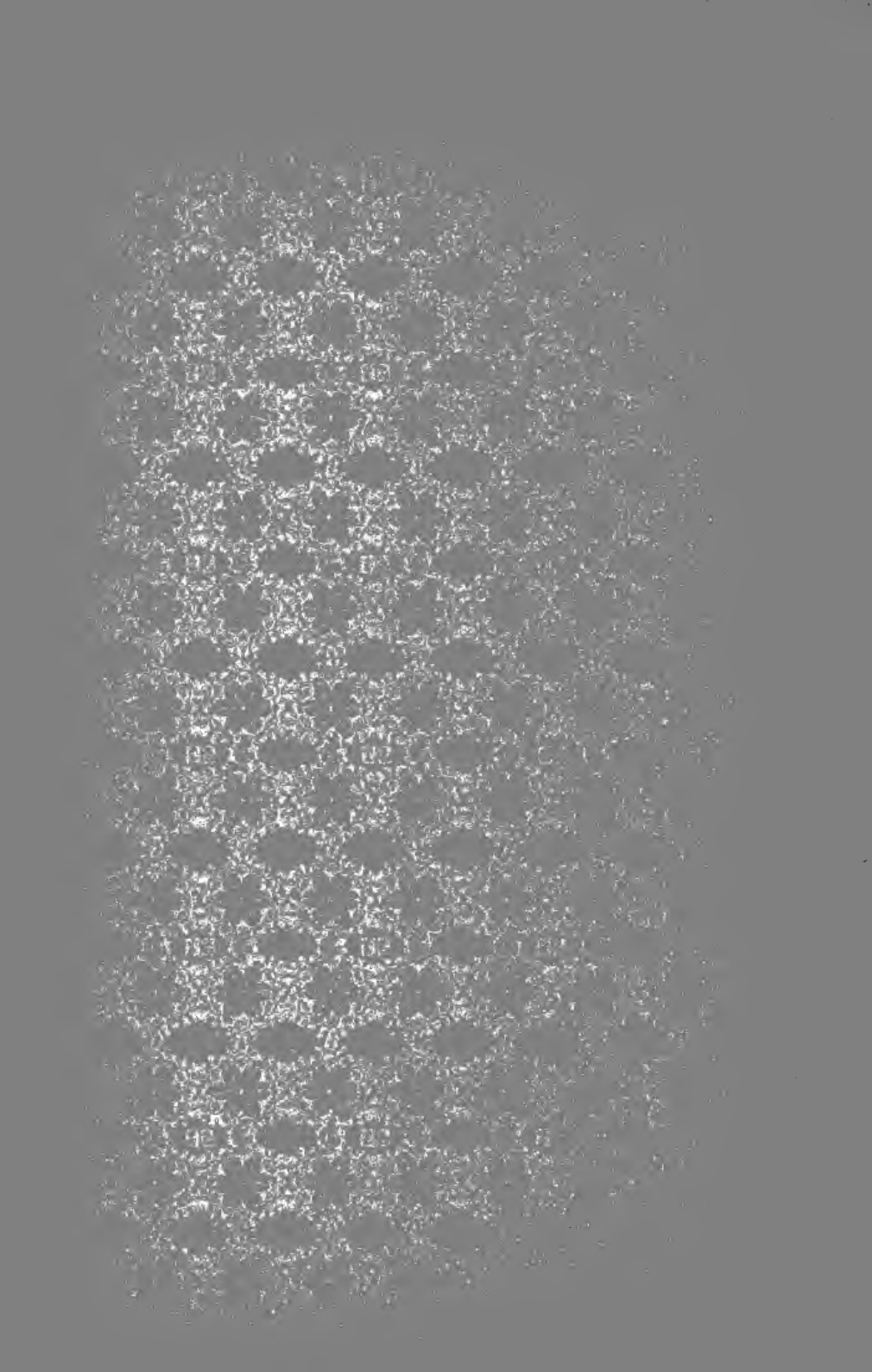
Soon shall the restless winds
And balmy gales convey
To heaven their holy incense
Along the pleasant way

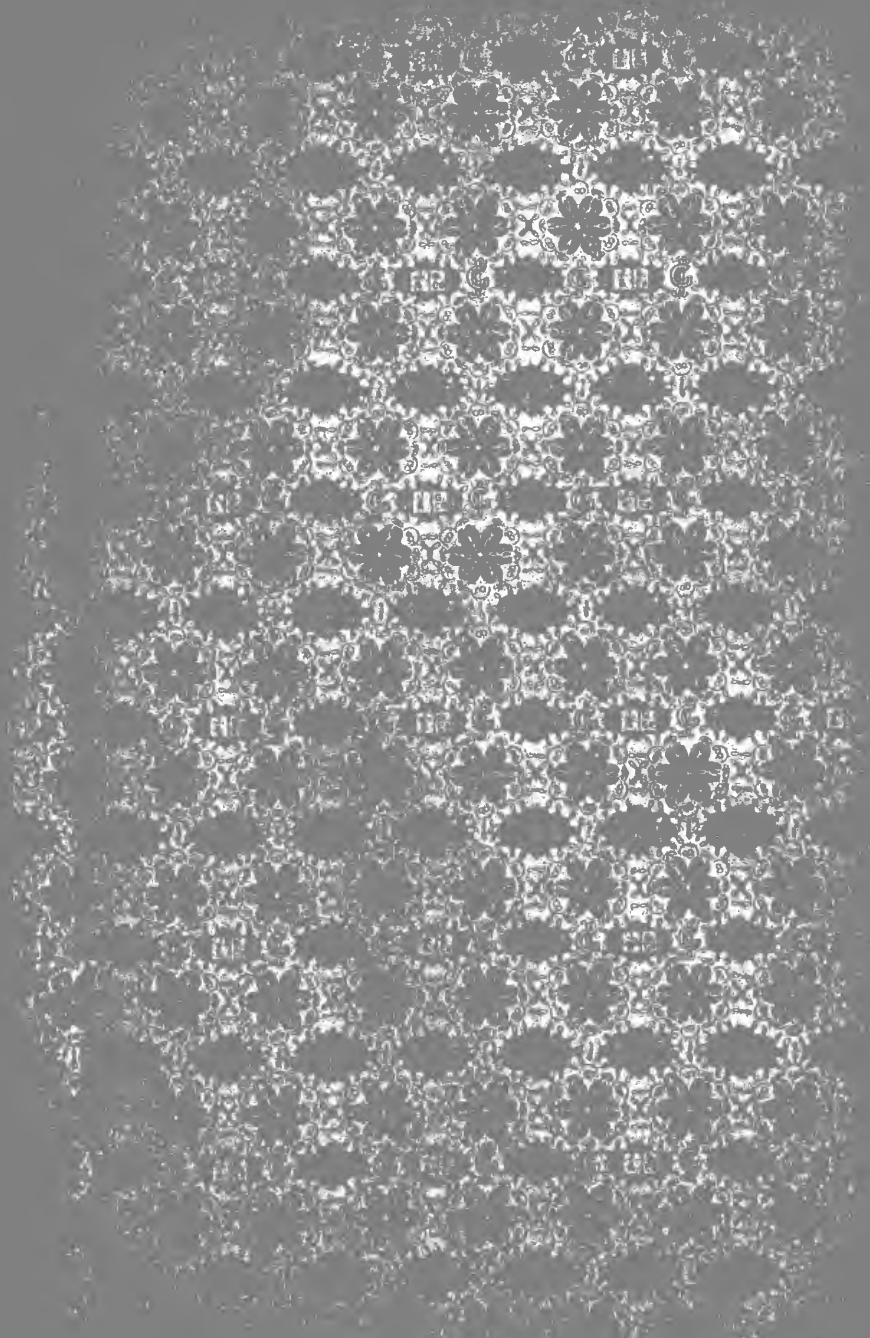
From many a blooming bower
Whose exhalations greet
The sense of weary mortals
With a more than mortal sweet.

May heaven be then atoned
And the frozen earth restore,
And old Boreas dart
His icy shafts no more.

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